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National Anti-Slavery Standard.

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PENNSYLVANIA ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY,

5 *South-Fifth Street, Philadelphia.*

LETTERS should be addressed to OLIVER JOHNSON, *Editor of The Anti-Slavery Standard*, 48 Beekman-st., New York.

ADVERTISEMENTS, 10 cents per line each insertion.

Pro-Slavery.

In this Department we give place to such extracts from the Pro-Slavery Press, North and South, as serve best to illustrate the character of Slavery and the spirit of its champions and apologists.

"FREE MARYLAND."

Correspondence of the N. Y. World.

BALTIMORE, November 19.

IT would be amusing, if it were not for the sad reflections which they evoke, to witness the antics of the fanatical abolitionists who at present rule Maryland, at the fact that a few hundred wretched negroes have been deprived of comfortable homes and kind masters, and turned loose as paupers upon society. To hear these one idea people talk, one might suppose that the people of Maryland had all been slaves from time immemorial, and that now, for the first time in their history, Maryland was free. Everybody is expected to go into ecstacies over "Free Maryland," as if Maryland had never been free before. The readers of the *World* know *how* "free" Maryland is now. The people of Maryland are free to speak and act and vote in the manner that is pleasing to Abraham Lincoln. But they are *not* free to speak, or act, or vote in any other way. Why have all the Democratic papers in the State been suppressed? Is that freedom? Why is it that the *Sun*, the most influential newspaper in the State, has not published an editorial article for more than three years? Because its editors, being conservative Democrats, and true Union men of the school of Webster and Clay, know that to preserve silence in regard to the usurpations of the executive (as they are justly styled by Henry Winter Davis) is the price which they must pay for the privilege of publishing their paper at all. Is that freedom? Why was my vote opened, my ballot scrutinized, and myself stared at and insulted, when I voted for McClellan on the 8th instant? Is that freedom? The secret ballot is the right of every American citizen. Yet I was deprived of it, although I stood at the polls until my violated ballot was at last put into the box. But is that freedom?

Maryland was free, and her people were free until 1861. She was free and prosperous. No State was more so. Every branch of industry flourished. She enjoyed to its full extent that priceless boon of liberty regulated by law. None of her citizens could be arrested without due process of law, and the meanest criminal was entitled to the benefit of the rights of *habeas corpus* and trial by jury. That was freedom. Look at Maryland now. She is *not* free. Her negroes have been set free. But the personal liberty of every citizen of Maryland now depends upon the will or the caprice of Abraham Lincoln. That is the "free Maryland" over which we are called to rejoice.

The negroes in Maryland, before they were "freed," were comfortable, contented, and happy. It remains to be seen whether they will continue to be so in their new and untried condition. It is certain that this sudden emancipation of several thousands of helpless negroes will cause great suffering to the unfortunate victims of a false philanthropy. Already they have begun to crowd to Baltimore, where the marble halls and gilded saloons of the once aristocratic Maryland Club House have been set apart for their reception. A few of the negroes may be wise enough to stay on the plantations, and to work for their old masters for the very liberal wages which the latter offer. But almost all the able-bodied men have already been *induced* to enter the army, and the suffering will chiefly fall upon the helpless women and young children.

It is a pity that those who "freed" Maryland cannot free us from the incursions of those audacious rebels who will persist in cavorting up and down the Shenandoah valley. It was only a few nights ago that all the inhabitants of Hagerstown in "Free Maryland," forsook their beds, and sought refuge in their cellars, because it was believed that Early's rebel army had crossed the Potomac, were advancing on Hagerstown, and would shell the place. Their apprehensions have not yet been realized; but neither were they groundless. The indications are, that the Upper Potomac will witness some stirring scenes before the end of this month.

THE ANTI-ABOLITION STATE RIGHTS SOCIETY.

[In the New York *Daily News* of Nov. 22 appears an address "to the Democracy of the North," of which we copy the concluding paragraphs as follows:]

MR. JEFFERSON'S resolutions of 1798, defining the rights of the States, and the decision of Judge Taney, affirming white citizenship, have been the principles upon which this government was administered for seventy years. These principles have been repudiated by the present Administration. A majority in the North apparently indorse this repudiation, and if this be the deliberate opinion of our people, then all hope of Union is at an end. But on the contrary, the very moment the Northern people accept these principles as the basis of our Federative system, that moment all causes of conflict cease and Union and fraternity are again restored to our torn and bleeding country. There is no other way given under Heaven by which the Union can be restored. No party, unless based upon these principles, is competent to save our country; hence there is no use for a "Democratic party" unless it stands firmly and plainly upon those cardinal doctrines—those ancient landmarks of the Democracy.

The thing to be determined, therefore, first of all is, can a party be formed in the North upon this basis, in other words, can we recognize the Democratic party and bring it back to its old principles? It is believed that this can be done. The masses are right, and always have been. It is politicians without ideas who have ruined us. Men whose comprehension was never sufficiently strong to grasp the philosophy of our politics, have sent the country with their expediency quackery, reeling into an abyss of blood. Men whose power of intellect was just about capable of comprehending ward politics have assumed to understand the ideas which influence masses of men and shape human destiny. Hence, Democracy has been reduced to a string of unmeaning generalities, until it has become a laughing stock among men of intellect and genius. What we need is to lift it from this Slough of Despond—to rehabilitate it in the cast-off vestments of its ancient faith—to invigorate its prostrate body with a new impulse—to breathe into its nostrils the breath of life.

For this purpose we must hold aloft the ideas and principles which can save our country. We must find out how many there are among us who are willing to adopt them, and those will form the Democratic party and no others. Let every man, therefore, who expects to call himself a Democrat, take his stand upon the two great fundamental principles of our system, to which we have referred—the resolutions of '98 and the Dred Scott decision. Let him say to his friends and neighbors, when you go to the polls and vote for those principles and carry them through, then you will have union and prosperity, and never until then.

The Anti-Abolition State Rights Society is founded distinctly upon these principles, and it now desires to organize auxilary societies in every town, county and State. It proposes that there shall be a central society in each State, and that each local society report to the State organization.

All great movements must spring from the people. They must commence by forming organizations in school districts and in towns. A few men of the true faith impress it upon their own neighbors. Those fix the impress upon the school district, and then it expands and grows until its influence permeates the entire country, and finally the State and then the whole country. It was thus that the Abolition movement commenced. If falsehood can be so successfully propagated, will not one quarter the effort reinstate the truth, and save our country and the cause of civilization the nameless horrors that fanaticism is now inflicting upon our land? What nobler effort could arouse our patriotism or stimulate our zeal? Shall we give up our country to the merciless wrath of a blind and impious delusion, which in seeking to transform negroes into white men, only succeeds in exterminating both? Shall we sit down in listless inactivity, and say that all is lost? Never! never! The man who will do this does not deserve a country. Every American is morally bound to sustain and advance the principles which he believes will be for its good, and to convince his neighbor, if he can, by reason and argument to adopt them. This was the weapon of the Abolitionists for years, and it is ours now.

Let us devote ourselves first and foremost, however, to the task of reorganizing the Democracy. Let us first determine whether we are to have a real Democratic party or not. If not, Mr. Lincoln may as well administer the government as any one of similar views. Let Democrats find out whether they are to be tied to the corpse of expediency or whether the party is to spring into a newer and fresher life. We are satisfied the heart of the masses beats right, and that all that is needed is organization to prove it. In two years, by proper exertion, we can obtain control of the States.

It is suggested, therefore, that Democrats in every locality organize distinctly upon the principles of the Virginia and Kentucky resolutions and the Dred Scott decision. All who desire a copy of the constitution of our society will be furnished it on application to the Secretary. It is our desire to open correspondence with persons in every part of the country who indorse these principles; and information is solicited as to the sentiment and feelings generally of Democrats in each writer's respective locality.

It is believed, by a general interchange of views, a plan of organization for the entire country can be agreed upon, by which the faithless leaders, now misrepresenting Democratic principles, may be hurled from the places they so unworthily fill, and true ones selected in their stead.

Applications for constitutions and all inquiries can be addressed to the secretary.

By order of the Society.

THEODORE MARTINE,
Chairman of the Executive Committee.
R. G. HORTON, Secretary, box No. 1,255 New York Post Office.

Democratic papers are requested to copy the above address.

Selections.

PENNSYLVANIA FREEDMEN'S RELIEF ASSOCIATION.

GREAT MEETING IN PHILADELPHIA.

From the Philadelphia Press, Nov. 21.

A MEETING of the Freedmen's Relief Association was held last night at Concert Hall. Before the time appointed for the opening of the meeting, the hall was closely packed with a large audience, at least half of whom were ladies. The proceedings throughout were characterized by great unanimity of feeling, the audience seeming to coincide entirely with the sentiments of the speakers. The meeting was presided over by the Right Rev. Bishop Potter, and was opened by prayer by the Rev. Charles D. Cooper, as follows:

Almighty God! we come into thy presence this evening to ask Thy blessing upon the cause which has brought us together. We ask that Thou wilt speed our labors in aiding and Christianizing the unhappy bondmen of the South. Aid us, O Lord! in the work which we have in hand, for without Thy aid we are as nothing. Vouchsafe us Thy presence, that all those present shall go from the hall with full resolve to do their uttermost to help those who have, by Thy blessing, been made free, and those who are yet enchained in bondage.

ADDRESS OF BISHOP POTTER.

The Right Rev. Bishop Potter then briefly addressed the meeting. He said that the meeting was held under the auspices of the Pennsylvania Freedmen's Association. They meet to-night under auspicious circumstances, although the skies are lowering and the rain pouring down, for in the horizon all is bright. The sun is beginning to shine and soon it will be full day. There is a purpose in the people not only that the Union should not die, but that slavery should die (applause). He who had observed this contest in its beginning must have seen that it was necessary that slavery should perish, and as events have transpired one after another, they have prepared the way for the emancipation of all the Southern slaves. What may be the effect of a sudden transition from slavery to freedom has been a question which has caused misgivings in the minds of many of our friends. But that has been well provided for in the past, and is being provided for by our associations, for by helping them you help the poor being whom they aid. Two years and a half ago we met together for the purpose of consulting as to the means of helping the negro, and determined that the best way to help him was to teach him to help himself. A system of industry has been organized, schools established which have already given the most substantial proofs of success. They are not merely schools of letters, but of industry, neatness, order, and of Christian charity. In one word, they are the seminaries for educating the whole nature of these people, and such schools have been established in Alabama and Tennessee, and, most successful of all, in the capital of our country; 40,000 pupils already throng the halls of these institutions. We, who have come in at the eleventh hour of this labor, claim no share in the honor; let it be given to those who labored in the onset. The solution of the question of liberty or slavery here is in the progress of settlement, and affects the condition of the whole African race. Slavery killed here, must die in Cuba and Porto Rico, and then the slave trade must die too.

SPEECH OF MR. REUBEN TOMLINSON.

Mr. Tomlinson, on being introduced by Bishop Potter, was warmly applauded. He said:

I appear before you this evening at the request of the Pennsylvania Freedmen's Aid Association, for the purpose of making a brief statement of the progress and present condition of the Freedmen in the Department of the South. Most of the freedmen in that department are to be found on Port Royal, St. Helena, Hilton Head, Ladies', Paris, and Coosaw Islands. These Islands are usually described by the general title of Port Royal. At St. Augustine, Fernandina, and Jacksonville, Florida, there are also collected a considerable number of freedmen, but, as I have already stated, the great proportion of those within our lines in that department are to be found at Port Royal. There are in the department about nineteen thousand freedmen, from four to five thousand of whom are refugees from the mainland and from adjacent islands once occupied by our troops. When Port Royal fell into our hands, about ten thousand negroes and only one white man were found there. And just here let me say, that one reason of the great success of the free-labor experiment in that department is found in the fact that none of the old masters were left behind to interfere with the plans adopted for the elevation of the freedmen. Another advantage was this: We were so entirely cut off from the mainland that there was little or no danger of raids from the enemy, and thus a measure of security, one of the most important conditions of regular and faithful labor among an ignorant class of people, was obtained. But a better and more substantial reason for our success than either of the foregoing is this; the negroes are men, and, being men, they therefore naturally and inevitably do better under the conditions of freedom than of slavery. I am speaking of men and women who are just emerging from chattel slavery, the brutalizing and degrading influences of which are of course to be found in every thought, word, and deed of their lives. And, in order that you may fully appreciate their improved condition, you must constantly keep before your minds the loathsome pit from which they have been dragged; and I would have you also remember that it is we, and not they, who are, in great part, responsible for the vice, weakness and ignorance that stand in the way of their elevation. They are an ignorant people. When our troops first occupied those islands I suppose there was not one person in a thousand—man, woman, or child—that knew the alphabet. I want to get clearly before your minds what their condition was before I say one word as to what it now is. As we understand the term, there was no such thing as a domestic circle known among them. They, of course, saw its operations in the families of their owners, and, as the event proves, as soon as they had the opportunity strove to realize for themselves its benefits. It is stated by all persons familiar with the facts, that the negroes of the Sea Islands of South Carolina were the most degraded to be found anywhere in the South. The reason for this was, of course, because they were so entirely cut off from all contact with the outside world. Hundreds of negroes on those islands knew absolutely no other world than the plantation or island on which they lived. On some of the plantations, from one year's end to the other there was scarcely ever any white man seen, except the overseer. Understand, I am not attempting to portray the horrors of slavery; I have not the power to do that. I am only trying to show you some of the reasons why slavery on those islands produced greater degradation than elsewhere. Now let me state some facts showing the progress of these freedmen. In addition to the large crop of cotton found on these islands when our troops took possession, there were also found, in considerable quantities, corn and potatoes. These latter, or a great portion of them, were taken for military purposes, and hence the negroes were compelled to draw more in the way of "rations" from the government than was best for them, or than under other circumstances would have been needed by them. The usual pittance of clothing allowed by their masters had not yet been doled out to them, and really the greater portion of the people left were in an almost naked condition. Only those who have passed through a Winter on the Sea Islands can realize the suffering they felt during that first Winter of freedom. I have not time to detail the various measures adopted and carried out for their benefit during each successive season since we have been among them. I content myself with saying that, at the end of each season, the mass of the people was in all respects in a better condition than when the season began. I went to the Department of the South in the Summer of 1862, under the auspices of this association. At that time nearly all the freedmen in the department received "rations" from the government; at this time not more than five hundred rations are issued, and they are only issued to persons who would be paupers under any circumstances, and in some instances to the wives of soldiers. When our troops first entered that department, the people were not even decently clothed; to-day they are well clad, and the rare thing is to find any one among those physically able to care for themselves who is not comfortably and well clothed. At the sale of land which took place at the opening of the season of 1863, four plantations were bought by the freedmen living on them, and worked by them for their own benefit. One of these places produced a crop of cotton worth four thousand dollars; another a crop worth fifteen hundred dollars; another a crop worth one thousand dollars, and the other a crop worth between three and four thousand dollars. At the sale of land that took place at the opening of this season a number of tracts of land were bought by other negroes, and they have been well and faithfully cultivated by them. The crop this year has universally suffered from the ravages of the caterpillar, and this, in addition to the fact that many of those purchasing this year paid twenty and twenty-five dollars per acre, will prevent them from realizing as much as was realized by those that bought last year. Besides this, all those lands reserved to be sold in small lots to the freedmen, but not yet sold, have been worked by them for their own benefit with a fair degree of success. One of the plantations just referred to, owned by Harry Mac Millan, who was formerly ploughman on the "Eustis place," would to-day, if sold with the stock and improvements, realize for him at least four thousand dollars. It has been a common thing during the past season for colored men to pay one, two, and three hundred dollars apiece for horses and mules. This will give you some idea of the amount of money earned by them. In addition to this, large numbers of the freedmen are building for themselves new houses, and at the present price of lumber in that department this is no slight undertaking. It evinces not only the possession of means, but what is much better, a desire to have for themselves a home which they can call their own, and which may be made the centre of comforts and joys heretofore unknown to them. I am sorry that I have not with me the figures that would show the number of laborers employed on the plantations last year and the amount of money paid them. Instead of that, I will give you a few individual cases, which will, I think, enable you to form some judgment as to the general prosperity of those who are employed as laborers for others. And let it be understood that the sums of money I mention as having been earned by the different parties are in all cases exclusive of their provision crop and of the money received by them from the sale of melons and vegetables of various kinds. Anthony and Venus, both of whom are over seventy years of age, received last year as wages $194.30. Both of these people had been "laid by," as it is termed for several years, but under the incentive of freedom and wages a new spirit was put into their hearts, and fresh blood in their veins, and they worked out the result I have given you. The following amounts were paid to persons on "Coffin's Point Place": To Aaron and Judy, $136 48; Abel and family, $210 57; Amaretta and family, $335.24, etc., etc. I might mention any number of such instances, but it is scarcely worth while. Let it be remembered, too, that this prosperity is not the result of *high* wages. The people get fair wages, but without industry on their part, their present prosperous condition would have been an impossibility. I will not be understood as giving rose-colored pictures of the condition of these people. I am too deeply sensible of the faults of their character and condition to do anything of the kind. But whatever may be their faults, laziness is not among them. Give them fair inducements, and they are not only willing, but they are eager to work. There was, and still is, some repugnance felt toward the old kinds of labor; but just as soon as they realize that labor on cotton is as profitable as any other kind of labor, they perform it cheerfully. It seems to me that I need say nothing more to convince you that, in so far as the freedmen themselves are concerned, their material prosperity at present, and in the future, is secure. Our duty toward them is another and different question, upon which, though bolding decided opinions, I will not enter this evening, except to make this general remark that, if there is any class of people in the country who have priority of claim to the confiscated lands of the South, it certainly is that class who have by years of suffering and unrequited toil given to those lands any value they may now possess. And further, that no plan for the reorganization of Southern society will be complete that does not include the division of those immense tracts of land, and their sale in limited quantities at reasonable prices to the poor whites and the freed blacks of the South. I ought to say a word with regard to the system of labor adopted under the wise and beneficent authority of Gen. Saxton, and which, so far as any system can do it, has, in connection with other regulations established by him for the government of the people, assisted in developing a healthy and natural social condition. Under this system no other compulsion than the necessities of the people is resorted to, or needed to secure from them faithful and steady labor. The people work by the job entirely, and they are thus enabled to choose their own time, and the proprietor is not compelled to watch them. The employers and laborers enter into written contracts with each other, and then both parties are held rigidly to the bargain. Each laborer is allowed sufficient land on which to raise provisions for himself, and is thus secured against want of food. Under this system, simple and requiring but few agents to carry it out, the people have steadily advanced toward independence. In my opinion the government did a wise thing in appointing and continuing Gen. Saxton as military Governor of the Department of the South. It has been his policy from the outset to interfere as little as possible with the development of the people. He has not attempted, as some have said, to force them into a position they were unprepared for, but has been satisfied with throwing around them such protection as was absolutely necessary, trusting to the natural course of events for the rest. Gen. Saxton is an honest, pure, and capable man, and the friends of the freedmen and of the country owe him a debt of thanks for the faithfulness with which he has fulfilled the duties of his position in the face of many obstacles, and for the jealous care with which he has guarded the rights of the poorest and meanest of those within his jurisdiction. One word now as to the social order existing among these people. They have many vices and petty weaknesses of character, but they are all of the kind you would naturally expect to find among a people brought up under the system of slavery. These vices are, of course, serious obstacles in the way of their elevation, and try seriously the patience and faith of those who work among them. Petty thieving and lying prevail, of course, to a considerable degree, but as a set-off to this, let me say that they have a sense of honor, which, under the circumstances, is very remarkable. My room is open at all hours to all comers, and there are often lying around articles that must tempt them, but I have never yet had anything stolen from me. The worst, at the same time the most natural, feature of their social condition is their loose ideas on the subject of marriage. This is a matter that gives us more trouble than any other; but even in this regard great improvement has taken place. And I am glad to think that there is gradually growing among them a public sentiment which will in time be efficient in correcting this evil. They have great respect for law, and for those in authority. Any decision, no matter how unpleasant it may be to them, is always submitted to quietly and respectfully; no matter how unjust it may seem to them, they are always satisfied when they know it is the law. With regard to their progress in educational matters, I regret my inability to lay before you facts that would carry conviction to your minds in a way that no general statements of mine can do. The ordinary duties of my position, which take up all my time, do not lead me into the schools, and, as I did not anticipate when I came North being called on to speak before a meeting of this kind, I did not prepare for it. This I can say, however, I know of no teachers in that department who are not enthusiastic over the progress their pupils make. I also know that the adults show their appreciation of the advantages of education by making many sacrifices in order that their children may attend school. I also know many boys and girls who can both ask and answer ordinary questions with regard to the geography of the country, and who, in reading and writing, will compare favorably with white children of similar opportunities. And to sum up all on this subject, I know of no reasonable human being, white or black, in the Department of the South, who doubts the willingness or ability of these children to avail themselves of all the advantages of education. The great need of that department, as I suppose is the case throughout the country, is the means of education. There are teachers enough sent to the Department of the South, but there in no adequate accommodation for them and their pupils. Nearly all the teaching during the past two years has been carried on in cotton houses and barns, with nothing but rough boards for seats, and without proper light or ventilation. It is in this direction that the benevolence of the North can make itself felt. Give the freedmen the protection of law and the discipline of law, and, so far as all their physical wants are concerned, they can take care of themselves. But they are not now, and will not be for some years, up to the level of providing the means for their own education, and in the present state of affairs the government can do but little in that direction. It must, therefore, be attended to by the people of the North. And, ladies and gentlemen, I believe the people will accept the work not only as a duty, but as a pleasure. A way has been opened through which we may to some extent compensate these poor creatures for the wrongs which by our connivance and sanction have been inflicted upon them. Let us walk in that way, remembering that education will not only fit these children to meet worthily the responsibilities of freedom, but will make it certain that they can never be reënslaved. I went from Morris Island to Hilton Head in company with a rebel officer, a resident of Charleston, and a member of the South Carolina Legislature. The question was asked him whether, in the event of being worsted in the war, the South would reënslave the negroes. He replied that "he hardly thought it would be practicable; the negroes would know too much." Pour in, then, the sunlight of education among them, that they may remain free and worthy of freedom. In conclusion, let me say that the efforts of this Pennsylvania Freedmen's Association are known and appreciated in the Department of the South, not only by Gen. Saxton and those who work with him, but by the freedmen themselves, in whose behalf these efforts are made. The Sunday before I came away I took occasion to tell the people, after the church services were over, who it was that had sent down to them the commodious and comfortable school-house which stood opposite the church, and which had received its finishing touches the day previous, and I am sure, from the "Thank Gods" and "Amens" that greeted me, that so long as that building stands the name of the Pennsylvania Freedmen's Association will be a pleasant and grateful sound in the ears of the freedmen of South Carolina.

[The next speaker was WM. F. MITCHELL, Superintendent of the Colored Schools in Tennessee. We omit here the brief sketch of his address, which we find in the *Press*, and shall publish instead, on one of our inside pages, a more complete report, forwarded to us from Philadelphia.]

SPEECH OF REV. MR. BROOKS.

He said that after what had been said to-night there need be no complaint in regard to want of information at these meetings, as there had been in regard to previous ones. All could go away well informed. Every thoughtful, charitable man only wants to know three things in regard to a projected operation. 1st. Is this work necessary? 2d. Is it practicable? 3d. Have the correct means been adopted for its aid? Let us consider these things to-night. He thought that he could answer all these questions to-night. 1st. Is it necessary? Let us go back a few years, when the negro was here among us a slave. In the history of the land there have been but three schemes in regard to the negro. 1st. To keep him in perpetual bondage. 2d. To emancipate him gradually, and transport him to a distant quarter of the world, where we would be troubled with his reproaching ghost no longer; and 3d, a few dreamed that he might be emancipated, and yet kept among us. To the first question God answered that the negro should not be kept in bondage, and we have lately learned that the second means was utterly impracticable. So suddenly has the mass of freedmen been poured upon us, that transportation has become entirely out of the question. We come to the third means as a necessity, and we must acknowledge that for the solution of it we are not indebted to those who have held back from us as long as possible, but to the original Abolitionists. God, as it were, stepped in and chose it for us. The government could not take care of these freedmen because it has as much as it can do elsewhere; for though we believe it can do all that is necessary, we think that the people should take all they can off its hands. The first recognition of a negro as a soldier was by the government by its order for the enlistment of the first colored regiments. They have established freedmen's schools in front of Fort Wagner and Port Hudson, and even before Petersburg. And the negro stands welcome now by the side of the white man, and the cracking of his rifle is each time the snapping of some one of the fetters that bound him. The government has done an immense work, and is going to do more. They are taking in hand all the efforts of the citizens in the same directions. A freedman's bureau is certain to be established by act of Congress the coming session. The government is at the head of the school system in Washington, and, indeed, all over the country. The second question is, is the thing practicable? I believe that there is an utter absence of proof anywhere that the negro is in any way, intellectually or morally, at all inferior to the white man; but this belief is not necessary to the present question. The speaker then related his experience among the emancipated freedmen in Washington and elsewhere, and glowingly depicted the contrast between their condition before and after their emancipation. The white speculators, shame to them, are making money out of the colored men who have been made free. The present condition of the freed negro, as one can see upon the most casual observation, amply proves that our second question should be answered in the affirmative, that it is practicable. Since Gen. Butler had solved the question which perplexed the Administration in the outset of the war by declaring the negro to be contraband of war, it has been settled that the emancipation of the negro was practicable (applause). We now come to our third plan. This plan is the best because it is the simplest: at once to emancipate them, to do it slowly, and to colonize. By going through the schools we can see how simple the third plan is. What we have heard to-night proves it amply. In Washington there are twenty or thirty little schools, all well filled by the colored thirsters after knowledge. The speaker had stood in these schools and felt awed in the presence of the teachers—women of education and refinement, who had devoted themselves to this glorious task. They labor even on Sunday (applause)—teaching the lessons of our Saviour. Thus we see that the work is necessary, for God has shown the way and said, "Do it." It is practicable, because it is in man's power, and can we not see that the way adopted is the proper way, by a visit to the schools and camps of the colored people? (Applause.) The Christianity of the land should identify itself with the great work of abolition which is now being completed; that this land may stand up with the Devil cast out; that it may look its God firmly in the eye. May God bless this work, and bless you in aiding some little in the advancement of it. As the speaker concluded he was greeted with tumultuous applause.

REMARKS OF BISHOP POTTER.

Bishop Potter now said that the sinews of war are the same in this land as in every other. All our operations require money. Last year we resolved to raise $100,000. Fifty thousand dollars of this has been raised, and now fifty thousand more are needed. Let us not pause now, when our labors are so much required.

SPEECH OF C. D. CLEVELAND, ESQ.

Mr. C. D. Cleveland then read a resolution that the sum of fifty thousand dollars be raised, to be placed in the hands of the Freedmen's Aid Association, in the furtherance of their noble work. He said he had left this country three years ago, when it was enslaved; now he came back to it FREE. For the last fifty years American citizenship was not worth a snap of the fingers. Now it was worth the world. We now see what a noble race we have been keeping in the chains of bondage so long. The speaker compared the white men of Virginia with the negroes of the same State, and said that the best blood flowed in negro veins. They were the first families of Virginia. He said this contest should not be called a war, but the slaveholders' rebellion. He was a peace man, as he had always been, and he was not now advocating a war, but the employment of a mighty police force to put down an organized mob (applause).

The resolution offered by Mr. Cleveland was now put to the meeting and unanimously adopted.

A gentleman in the audience proposed that a subscription should be taken up at once from those present, but on account of the difficulties of the proceeding in a crowded room the proposition was not adopted. The meeting adjourned shortly after half past nine.

THE GREAT WEST.

From the Tribune.

WHEN Gen. Taylor was chosen President, only sixteen years ago, he did not receive a single electoral vote from the States lying north and west of the river Ohio. Abraham Lincoln, favored by the dissensions among his opponents, carried all those States in 1860, some of them by meagre majorites, but received scarcely a tenth of the popular vote of Missouri. Now, he carries every one of them by generally increased majorities, and Missouri with them by a very decided vote. He has also carried the new State of Nevada, and has large absolute majorities in California and Oregon, where, though he carried their electors, he had barely two-fifths of the popular vote in 1860. His majorities in that great section, which is soon to preponderate in our National councils, may be roughly stated as follows;

	Lincoln's Maj.	*Electors.*
Ohio	60 000	21
Indiana	30 000	13
Illinois	30 000	16
Michigan	10 000	8
Wisconsin	15 000	8
Minnesota	5 000	4
Iowa	40 000	8
Missouri	20 000	11
Kansas	10 000	3
Nevada	3 000	3
California	20 000	5
Oregon	3,000	3
Total, 12 States,	246,000	103

These States gave an aggregate popular majority *against* Lincoln in 1860; they now give not less than 240,000 *for* him, with gains of members of Congress in every State where there was anything left to gain. And there is no pretence that anything was lost to his adversaries through divisions.

The vote of the North-West is the strongest guaranty yet proffered of the perpetuity of the Union. The alienation of the North-West has been plotted and sought for years. To this end uncounted lodges of "Knights of the Golden Circle," "Sons of Liberty," etc., have been organized. To this end New England has been persistently defamed and reviled by the basest of her renegade sons. To this end, constant stimulus has been given to Western jealousy and hate of the East. The Puritanism and fanaticism of New England have been inculpated as plunging the country into a gigantic civil war for the benefit of her cotton-mills—as if cotton mills luxuriated in the dearth and dearness of cotton—and now the great West responds by larger, more decisive majorities for the war, a heartier support to the Administration than are given in the East. And the rattle of riven fetters in Maryland is more than paralleled by the crash of the prison-house in Missouri.

So let us rest in the confident assurance that the Union will endure forever, under the guardianship and protection of the Great because free North-West!

THE CAUSE OF LIBERTY IN THE WEST.

LETTER FROM FRANCES D. GAGE.

Correspondence of the N. Y. Tribune.

WINNILKA, Nov. 13th, 1864.

THE telegraphic wires, days ago, informed you of the triumphant vote of the West for the Union. You have counted by thousands the majorities who, on the hills of Ohio and the prairies of Indiana and Illinois, have given their strongest testimony of their love of country and of freedom at the ballot-box. But this is but the rugged foreground of the magnificent picture. No emissaries of the "Associated Press" paint for your readers the deep, all-absorbing spirit that engrosses the home-life of the West. In city and town, in village and farm-house, you find it pervading every loyal human heart.

The mother and wife, the sister and daughter, alike enter into the great interest of the nation. Abraham Lincoln was not what they struggled for. He stood as the exponent of their principles. But it was Liberty, without regard to race or color, that inspired the workers in this great conflict; only now and then the name of the candidate was spoken.

At the morning hour, when the family knelt around the home altar, the prayer was for country, for freedom, for the poor, down-trodden slave, asking God to give victory to the right, and to smite the wrong wherever it might lift its head.

The song of the mother was a song for freedom; and the little story with which she quieted to sleep the restless nerves of her little ones, was in answer to the request: "Tell us about the little black children sold from their mammas." The young man marching away to the battle-field, who two years ago would have hurled his anathema at the negro, now says: "I go to rid my country of this curse;" and the young school girl writes her composition for freedom.

The children play war, and find it hard to make any of their party willing even to make-believe traitor for the occasion.

The fate of the country, the coming hour of triumph for the friends of Union and Liberty, is the talk, the sermon, the song and the prayer—and all this backing the vote of thousands; what does it prophesy for the future? What has made this change? Many things more than I can tell to-day—but of one I will venture to speak. All through the West are scattered the "Contrabands," as they are still called, and wherever they go, they carry the testimony with them that they can work and do make themselves self-sustaining. "I used to cuss 'em," said an old farmer, "cause I didn't know nothing about 'em; but I've got one now, and I don't want no better hand, and forty sich could find work right round our neighborhood, and we'd be glad to have 'em." Another: "My wife has had a woman a year now, and her child; she is pretty nigh white, and the child's a beauty; we are made up for help—though she was a field-hand when she came, but she's mighty handy to learn. Oh! it's an awful thing, madam, this slavery; I used to stand up for its being let alone, God forgive me; when I think of anybody's buying and selling such a woman as our Lucy and her girl, it makes my blood grow cold; no, madam, we're not going to compromise this thing; my boys are all gone, and I thank God every day that I had three to give."

So goes the word from mouth to mouth, from neighborhood to neighborhood. It is not the straying fugitive black that comes as a pauper to the door, *but the refugee white*, and "He who rules in the armies of Heaven and among the inhabitants of earth" has made even the wrath of slavery to praise him. Slavery taught the negro it was his birthright to labor, and here at least we have a people that have never yet dreamed that honest labor is disgraceful. So, by their quiet, humble ways, by their good behavior and usefulness, they are unriveting the chains of the millions yet in bondage, by pulling down the prejudices of those who only a few months ago helped to put upon the statute books of Illinois those infamous laws against the negro that now degrade them.

Never did Illinois seem so prosperous—so buoyant and full of hope as now. Her schools, seminaries and colleges are full—her smallest villages have scarcely a house to rent. Her granaries are loaded, the prairies are flecked with thousands of cattle, plenty seems spread on every hand, and the great philanthropic enterprises of the people meet everywhere a patronage that incites new zeal and renewed effort.

Ballot-boxes have done a wonderful work, but behind the ballot-boxes throbs with daily increasing hope and strength the quick heart of the wife and mother, and her voice is heard in the house, at Union meetings, Sanitary Commissions, Freedmen's Relief and Union Refugee Aid, the Soldiers' Home, the hospital, or wherever her steps may tend, teaching by word and by act "Love to God and love to man" as the highest Christian duty. In all this there is no spirit of animosity or hate to those who stand over on the other side causing so much sorrow and suffering.

What may we not hope for in coming years? Daring to change a line of Tennyson, we exclaim:

Through the shadow of this strife we'll sweep the day at last,
Better these four years of "Freedom's war" than centuries of the past.

F. D. G.

THE CROWNING ACT.

WE have already remarked, that the grand, inspiring, triumphant result of the late Presidential election has sealed the doom of slavery, and accorded to the Government whatever authority and means may be necessary to insure its total extinction. If, long after Fort Sumter was forced to surrender to the base-minded traitors who assailed it, the people of the North were blind to the fact that the rebellion was nothing but SLAVERY IN ARMS against a republican form of government and free institutions universally, and for the degradation and enslavement of labor without regard to the complexion of the working classes—they have since had their vision purged and their understanding enlightened; so that they no longer need statistics and arguments to convince them of this fact. They were correctly represented in their views and feelings by the following pregnant resolution adopted as a part of the National Union Platform at Baltimore, on the 7th of June last:

"Resolved, That as slavery was the cause, and now constitutes the strength of this rebellion, and as it must be always and everywhere hostile to the principles of Republican Government, justice and the national safety demand its utter and complete extirpation from the soil of the Republic; and that we uphold and maintain the acts and proclamations by which the Government, in its own defence, has aimed a death-blow at this gigantic evil. We are in favor, furthermore, of such an amendment to the Constitution, to be made by the people in conformity with its provisions, as shall terminate and forever prohibit the existence of slavery within the limits of the jurisdiction of the United States."

Upon this issue was the election contested, avowedly, explicitly, and victoriously. Neither the President, nor his Cabinet, nor Congress, can need any stronger assurance, therefore, that the popular sentiment is irresistibly with them in sanctioning whatever they have decreed for the emancipation of those in bondage. Nay, it is not satisfied with what has been done; for it authoritatively declares that it is "in favor, *furthermore*, of such AN AMENDMENT TO THE CONSTITUTION as shall TERMINATE AND FOREVER PROHIBIT THE EXISTENCE OF SLAVERY WITHIN THE LIMITS OF THE JURISDICTION OF THE UNITED STATES." This is the greater that includes the less—the crowning act of grace and glory that waits to be consummated. To it all thoughts should be turned, all efforts directed, with reference to the approaching session of Congress. This is the theme that, for the next three months, should most absorb the attention of the press and the pulpit, the public orator and the political essayist. The Constitution of the United States is the supreme law of the land. Let it declare slavery forever abolished in the republic, and that no man can hold property in his fellow-man beneath the American flag, and all that disturbs and rends the country will be effectually removed out of the way. Under no cunning plea of State rights can any part of the horrid system be allowed to remain or to reappear. Such an amendment will be hailed with congratulatory shouts by the friends of freedom in the old world, and will help mightily to pull down the hoary despotisms abroad, by giving to their oppressed millions the glorious light of a consistent democratic example.

It will be recollected that, at the last session of Congress, the Senate, with great unanimity, passed a proposition for amending the Constitution in the manner already indicated, which barely failed to secure the requisite two-thirds vote in the House—the entire Democratic body opposing its passage. There is still pending in the House Mr. Ashley's motion to reconsider this decision; and we take it for granted that he will lose no time in calling it up for action at the coming session. Now that the Democratic party has nothing to gain, but much to lose, from any further superfluous efforts in the service of a traitorous slave oligarchy, there is little doubt that the House will strongly concur with the Senate in the proposed amendment—an amendment which we know, from personal assurance, President Lincoln is desirous of having carried at an early day, and the prompt adoption of which he will doubtless urge upon Congress and the country in his annual message.—*W. L. Garrison, in the Liberator.*

THE NEXT CONGRESS.

From the Tribune.

THE returns of the late Congressional elections are sufficiently complete to predetermine with a high degree of accuracy the political complexion of the next Congress, whose term of office begins on the 4th of March. Upon that Congress will devolve a more important task than upon any of its predecessors, as it is expected to take an active part in the total annihilation of slavery, and thus to inaugurate a new and more glorious era in our national history. Its political complexion is, therefore, a subject of more than ordinary interest.

The Senate will count on the opening of the session at least 51 members, of which 12 will be Democrats, namely: 2 each from Delaware, Kentucky and New Jersey, and 1 each from California, Indiana, Maryland, Oregon, Pennsylvania and Virginia; and 39 Union Republicans, namely: 2 each from Connecticut, Illinois, Iowa, Kansas, Maine, Massachusetts, Michigan, Minnesota, Missouri, Nevada, New Hampshire

in Congress, it will have 242 members. The absolute majority will be 122, the two-thirds majority 161. We are therefore not only sure of having an absolute majority in any case, but we only lack from 7 to 12 more votes to secure us the two-thirds majority in a House representing all the States. The number of votes cast in Missouri, Maryland, Tennessee, and even some Districts of Kentucky for Mr. Lincoln at the recent election, leaves no doubt that after the total suppression of the rebellion, enough Congressional Districts will be found in the now seceded States to make up the necessary two-thirds majority.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1864.

THE COMING SESSION.

The last brief session of the XXXVIIIth Congress is about to open. Though brief, it will be long enough to finish the work it began so well, and though it will die a natural death in three little months, it may receive for itself an immortality of fame and an eternity of gratitude. It has done virtuously, and has already won an enduring place in history and in popular memory by its virtuous doings. It has lopped off almost, if not quite, all the branches and offshoots of slavery—the necessary outgrowths of that evil tree—nothing now remains for it to do but to lay the axe at its root and destroy it utterly from off the face of the earth. We trust that it will have strength as well as grace given it for this crowning work. All that is asked of it is to untie the hands of the people and give them the chance to strike down the monster that has so long laid waste their country and devoured their sons. And we cannot but think that it is no extravagance of a sanguine temperament that looks upon this action as more than a remote possibility—as a near possibility. It is true that a certain proportion of the members who have hitherto discouraged by their voices and their votes any direct National assault upon slavery must be won over to give this measure the direct support of their consent or the indirect one of their opportune absence. Its success at this session implies a change of opinion as to principles or as to policy, which shall give for it the necessary two-thirds of the House of Representatives, which must be obtained before the people can be unloosed from the bonds with which they bound themselves, lest they might be tempted to rash and sudden changes. But it requires no Pentecostal miracle to make this change of mind and heart possible. It demands no miraculous or instantaneous conversion to bring about this political regeneration. It calls only for the application of common sense to the existing state of affairs, a readiness to do at once what cannot be long delayed, with an eye at once to the general welfare and to the political future of all having a voice in the matter; in a word, a disposition to accept the situation and to conform to its imperative demands with a good grace rather than a bad one. And these elements of computation we think it not unreasonable to calculate upon.

A year ago men who had grown up, if not grown gray, in the traditions of the Democratic party, who, while admitting that the rebellion must be subdued by force of arms, could not see that slavery must be of necessity subdued with it, might consistently hesitate at initiating a change of the Constitution which should radically destroy it. It is not so long since Republicans of the most eminent rank held the same opinions, and tried to carry on the war upon the theory that Slavery and Union could yet coexist, that we are entitled to condemn life-long Democrats for holding on to the same doctrine. It was not clear to all eyes by any means, not even to many which longed to see that salvation, that the people were ready for such an act of sovereignty on their part. It might be not unreasonably urged that Congress should not out-run public opinion and propose so fundamental a change in our institutions until the public had given some sign that it was ready to organize the proposition into law. The nation had always recognized slavery as one of its institutions, had protected it by legislation and sanctified it by judicial decisions, the Church had not refused it her benediction, and the Mart had worshipped it as the divinity without whose smile commerce would dwindle and wealth decay. What sufficient reason had they for believing that the Nation was so thoroughly renewed in the spirit of its mind that it would destroy out of its sight what it so lately had seemed to regard as the palladium of its prosperity, if not of its liberties? Iconoclasm does not spring into existence in an instant. It is slowly developed and unwillingly accepted as a duty or a necessity. Slavery has been too long an idol to lose all its hereditary influence in a day or in three years. But many years have been crowded into the space of the last six months. The teachings of that great volume of history are not to be misunderstood, and especially by such astute and experienced politicians as the War Democrats in Congress. The election of Mr. Lincoln, with all his proclamations on his head, the changes of opinion which that event implied on the part of great multitudes, as well as of prominent men who had lately stood shoulder to shoulder with them in defence of the Rights of the South, the triumph of immediate, unconditional, uncompensated Emancipation in Maryland and Missouri, these are some of the signs which we may be sure are not undiscerned by such experienced eyes as theirs.

Above all it is important that what is done, if it can be done, should be done quickly. It will not need long debates or elaborate orations to convince all whose votes are necessary for this blessed consummation, and whose votes are to be had. The Coxes, and Woods, and Brookses, and their tribes may be left in the darkness that they love and to the infamy that awaits them. The men who have resisted National interference with slavery, on principle, must have made up their minds definitively either to continue that resistance or to abandon it, before they go up to Washington. If they believe not the Election and the Abolition completed in Maryland and certain in Missouri, they will not believe though Republican orators speak with the tongues of men and angels to persuade them. We trust, then, that this most vital, most imperative, of questions will be pressed to a decision at the earliest possible moment. It is too much the will of Congress to postpone to the very article of its death the actions which it should perform in the fullness of its life. The beneficent measures which have already illustrated the history of this Congress were all crowded within the few late weeks of its session. Much anxiety and painful doubts and haunting suspicions might have been laid to rest could that blessed action have been sooner had. But we will not complain of bygones—especially, of such bygones. But, in this matter, speed can hardly be hurt by haste. The Nation is ready to act. The War Democrats in Congress, if they be willing to give themselves to this work, must be as ready at first as at last. It is infinitely important that this question should be set at rest, this stumbling-block and rock of offence removed out of the way, and that at the earliest practicable moment. What is there to hinder the passage of the Amendment, if it can be passed at all, before the adjournment for the Christmas holidays? Why may not the Amendment be submitted to the ratification of the States before Washington's birth-day—so that the sun that looks down on the inaugural of the next Presidential term should shine on not a single slave? The military situation can hardly be more favorable for such action than it is now and is likely to be during the Winter. The civil situation was never so propitious. Let no influences in or out of Congress be neglected that can bring about this culminating glory of our history.

But should not this be feasible, should the Democrats refuse to conform themselves to the demands of the time, and the initiation of the Constitutional Amendment must perforce go over to the next Congress, would it not be well to urge upon the President the expediency of calling an extraordinary session of that Congress, for that express purpose, as soon as the constitutional term of this one is expired? What more imperative call could there be for such a step than the one which now demands the final pacification of the country by the removal out of the way of the only occasion of our present calamities and the only obstacle in our way to an honorable and permanent peace? The country is impatient for this improvement of its institutions—an amendment equivalent to their regeneration. The sooner it is done the more clearly will the rebels see that they have nothing to expect in the way of comfort to their pet villany any more than in that of the recognition of their independence. All doubts and questions as to the way in which slavery is to be treated when the final settlement of the war arrives, will be silenced or answered by the emphatic extrusion of the abominable thing from our institutions. The voice of the majority of the Nation was loud and distinct enough in the late election. But there is still a large minority, with members of no small weight in the very ranks of the Republican party, which still look upon slavery as an institution not to be lightly disturbed, as one involving rights of property and claims of humanity which demand grave consideration in the ultimate arrangement. These men would not resist a Constitutional Amendment for the abolition of slavery, though they might doubt its wisdom, but would certainly be ready to oppose any interference with the legal doctrine of property in man, unless the supreme law-making power—the people in its sovereign capacity—had branded it as an intolerable crime. Abolition by Constitutional Amendment is the readiest, the simplest, the most effectual of remedies for the deadly disease which infects the body politic, and of which this civil war is but one of the symptoms. The appeal must be made to the people sooner or later, and it cannot be too soon for the swiftest suppression of the rebellion, the easiest adjustment of the amnesty to follow it, and the surest establishment of permanent peace and universal prosperity.

PLOT TO BURN NEW YORK.

The people of New York were startled last Saturday morning by the discovery that a concerted and skillful attempt had been made during the previous night to set on fire, at one and the same hour, Barnum's Museum and twelve of the principal hotels of the city! The incendiaries gained admission to the hotels as guests, and, on being shown to rooms, proceeded deliberately to make piles of the furniture, carpets, curtains, bedding, etc., saturating the whole with turpentine, and then exposing them to the action of phosphorous. Having done this, they locked the doors and departed. From ignorance or design, they did not open the windows, and the fires burned somewhat slowly for want of fresh air. It was probably owing to this circumstance that in every instance the flames were discovered before they had made much headway, so that of all the buildings set on fire not one was destroyed! A more remarkable escape of a city from conflagration could hardly be imagined.

Referring our readers to other sources for details, we will simply say that the plot, so happily frustrated, was undoubtedly the work of rebel incendiaries, and undertaken in fulfilment of threats long since uttered by Rebel newspapers. It is fearful to think how many lives and what an incalculable amount of property would have been sacrificed, if all the fires so deliberately kindled in different parts of the city, breaking out at night at one and the same time, had baffled the power of the Fire Department and the citizens. This, of course, was what the Rebel incendiaries designed and expected.

The excitement which followed the disclosure of the plot was most intense among all classes of people. The Police Department and the U. S. Military authorities took prompt measures for the discovery and arrest of the conspirators, and a considerable number of suspected persons are in custody. For the present, however, the public, for obvious reasons, are not fully informed as to the discoveries made by the officers of the law; but Maj.-Gen. Dix has given notice that if the conspirators are detected, they will be treated as spies, tried by court martial, and, if convicted, executed without the delay of a single day. The General is also taking measures to compel all persons from the South residing in this city to register their names, age, business, etc., that they may be under the watchful surveillance of the Police;—a wise measure, that should have been adopted long ago.

GEORGE THOMPSON AT THE WEST.

Our readers will be glad to learn that Mr. Thompson has met a cordial and enthusiastic reception at the West. At Oberlin the people turned out almost *en masse* to hear him, filling the great church of the place to its utmost capacity. Says the Oberlin *News*:

"At the appointed time the venerable champion of Liberty came in, and was greeted with general applause as he moved forward to the pulpit, where he was met and warmly welcomed by Father Keep, whose acquaintance he had made, beyond the Atlantic, many years ago. A prayer was then made by Father Keep, after which he gave a brief account of his mission to England, in 1830, and of the cordial reception and ready coöperation he then received at the hands of Mr. Thompson, whose guest he was for some time. Mr. Wm. H. Rice then introduced Mr. Thompson to the audience, who gave him a second expression of hearty welcome as he came forward.

"We deeply regret our inability to give, at least, a synopsis of his address, which glowed, throughout, with rich, powerful eloquence. Few men, on either continent, have so vast a fund of historical information at command, and probably none combine with this so mature a judgment, and such a masterly control of language. Topics which long since have been worn threadbare by ceaseless discussion and debate, glow afresh under his touch; and new objects of interest everywhere start up from the ashes of past events."

From Oberlin Mr. Thompson went to Chicago, where he lectured on the evening of Nov. 23d. The *Tribune* of that city says:

"Owing to the inclement condition of the weather, and the short notice which had been given of the arrival of the distinguished philanthropist, the hall was but sparsely attended. Those present manifested the greatest attention to the loyal outpourings of the patriotic speaker, and frequently interrupted him with storms of applause. The honorable gentleman was introduced by C. M. Hawley, Esq., who paid a high tribute to his qualities as an old and steadfast friend of freedom and free institutions."

Mr. Thompson's address, which was in his best vein, is very inadequately reported. He spoke again in the same city on Friday evening, Nov. 25, but we have as yet received no report of the meeting.

On Saturday evening last he was engaged to speak in Milwaukee. On Tuesday last he was to be in Springfield, the Capital of Illinois, the guest of the Hon. Richard Yates, Governor of the State. After speaking in the State House there, he was next to go to St. Louis, where we have no doubt he had an enthusiastic greeting.

Poetic Justice.—A correspondent of the *Evening Post* sends to that paper an order of Maj.-Gen. Dana placing the freedmen in his district, as many as can find room there, upon the lands formerly possessed by Jeff. Davis and his brother Joseph, and by the heirs of Gen. Quitman, of filibustering memory. These estates lie together in an easily defended "bend" of the Mississippi, called Palmyra Bend. They contain about ten thousand acres of arable land, and it is intended that cotton speculators shall be kept away from this point, which the negroes can defend, and where they can live in security and maintain themselves without expense to the government. Is not this as fine an example of "poetic justice" as the history of the world affords?

The Colored People of this city, on Monday evening last, celebrated the abolition of slavery in Maryland by a meeting at the Cooper Institute. The audience was large and the proceedings were such as reflected credit upon those who took part therein. John Peterson presided, and addresses were delivered by Rev. H. H. Garnett, Frances E. W. Harper, W. H. Day, and others. A number of young women, representing the Goddess of Liberty and the States which voted for Abraham Lincoln for President, were dressed in white, with blue and red sashes, and occupied the front of the platform. Letters from Wm. Lloyd Garrison and Dr. Cheever were read.

THE "PEACE ADDRESS" FROM ENGLAND.

Some time since, the supporters of the Rebel cause in Great Britain and Ireland, acting under the auspices of the "Southern Independence Associations" of that country, issued a Peace Manifesto, addressed to the People of the United States. It was circulated in different parts of the United Kingdom, and is said—we know not whether truly or otherwise—to have received 350,000 signatures. It proceeded on the cool assumption that the people of the North are responsible for the origin and continuance of the war, and it besought them, in the name of "Religion, Humanity, Justice and Civilization," to withdraw their armies from the territory of the South and allow the Slavemongers to break up the Union and establish a Confederacy with slavery as its corner stone.

The British sympathizers with the South, having completed their address, concluded to send it over to America by the hands of a duly accredited agent, qualified to act as their representative; and for this mission who does the reader suppose they selected? No less a personage than *Joseph Barker*, who not long ago figured extensively in this country as an Abolitionist and an avowed champion of Infidelity! He lived several years in Ohio, and afterwards, for a short time, in the Territory of Nebraska. Finally, having lost the confidence of all who knew him in this country, he returned to England, where he made a parade of renouncing his Infidelity and once more resumed the profession of a Christian minister! Almost simultaneously with his reappearance in the pulpit, he came out a flaming champion of the cause of the slaveholding rebels of the South, and travelled through England as their agent, everywhere libeling the Abolitionists of both that country and this, and filling the ears of the people with the grossest misrepresentations as to the origin and purpose of the Rebellion! It must be confessed that he is a fit agent to do the work of the Slavemongers of America and their sympathizers in Great Britain.

Mr. Barker, it seems, for reasons best known to himself, has made his appearance in America this time under an assumed name. He doubtless hoped by this characteristic trick to escape the unpleasant notoriety which he knew must follow his identification as Joseph Barker, the apostate Abolitionist. We learn that, on the steamer which brought him here, he was known by the name of Joseph Parker, and under that alias he presented himself to the Secretary of State, who, whether he was informed of the trick or not, very properly sent him off with a flea in his ear, as appears from the following correspondence:

WASHINGTON, D. C., Nov. 26, 1864.

Hon. W. H. Seward, *Secretary of State, etc., etc.*,

Hon. Sir: I beg to inform you that I have been deputed to convey to this country an address from the people of Great Britain and Ireland to the people of the United States of America. The address was presented to Gov. Seymour, for him to present through the proper channel. I was requested by him to convey it to the President of the United States, as the authorized channel of communication between the people of other nations and the people of the United States of America. May I, therefore, ask the honor of an opportunity for so doing? I am, Honorable Sir, yours, most obediently,

JOSEPH PARKER.

DEPARTMENT OF STATE, WASHINGTON, Nov. 26, 1864.

To Joseph Parker, *Washington, D. C.*

Sir: Your letter of this date, stating that you are the bearer of an address from the people of Great Britain and Ireland to the people of the United States, has been received. Before answering the question which your letter contains, it is desirable to be further informed whether you have authority from the government of Great Britain and Ireland for the purpose referred to, and whether your mission has been made known to the diplomatic agent of that government accredited to the government of the United States.

I am, Sir, your very obedient servant,

WILLIAM H. SEWARD.

METROPOLITAN HOTEL, WASHINGTON, D. C., Nov. 26, 1864.

Hon. W. H. Seward, *Secretary of State, etc., etc.*

Hon. Sir: In reply to your letter of to day, permit me to state that the address which I have the honor of being deputed by the parties signing it to bring to this country, and containing the signatures of some three hundred and fifty thousand of my countrymen—from the peer to the artisan—is *not* from the government of Great Britain nor from any political party. It is simply an expression of the earnest desire of the masses of the people of Great Britain to see peace again restored to this continent.

Waiting your favor, I am, Hon. Sir, yours, most obediently,

JOSEPH PARKER.

DEPARTMENT OF STATE, WASHINGTON, Nov. 26, 1864

To Joseph Parker, *Esq., Metropolitan Hotel.*

Sir: The government of the United States cannot receive the address which was mentioned in your notes of this morning. Your request for an interview with the President to present the address is therefore declined.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

WILLIAM H. SEWARD.

Tried as by Fire.—[*Extract from a letter of a Lady in Ohio.*] I have not referred to the war.....I, and my family, have known the baptism of suffering, which is the portion of so many homes, the land over. Our dearest, our most tenderly beloved is in the rebel army. My brother ———, not quite two years my junior—the playmate of my childhood, the constant companion of my girlhood, and the true, noble spirit in whom I have trusted in maturer years, has, to our infinite grief, embraced the *wrong* side in this holy struggle for Freedom and the Right. This is a living, abiding sorrow! He was prospering in business in New Orleans when the rebellion broke out; he was engaged in marriage to a lovely young lady in that city. *Interest* and *love* blinded him. He is lost to us now forever on earth. Yet can you understand that while we *hate* the principles espoused, we love as of old, with a strangely tender love, the man and the brother? He writes to us whenever opportunity offers, and the old love cries aloud above the rattling of musketry and the booming of cannon, but it is a despairing cry on both sides, as though an impassible masonry of granite had arisen, dividing our cheerful, ever before happy home and hearth. We call to each other; we bedew our stories with our tears, but in vain! alas, in vain!

So throughout our large relationship; one cousin fell in the rebel ranks at Gettysburg; another fell, a brave Union soldier, at the battle of Winchester, Va., in March, 1862; another, also in the National ranks, gave his life at Chickamauga; others (all on the Union side) have lost one an arm, another a foot, another a leg, and others are still doing in the holy cause. We are mourning to-day the fall of a brave young Colonel, who fell last Monday (Aug. 8) while gallantly leading his regiment into action before Atlanta, Ga. Our best blood is being poured out, but we give it freely, though our homes be darkened for a life-time thereby. May God grant unto us grace and strength for the dark days which are immediately before us. They portend bitterness and wrath. When these shall have passed *I believe* that the morning will dawn.

Littell's Living Age.—In two recent numbers of this invaluable work we have the "Narrative of Privations and Sufferings of United States Officers and Soldiers while Prisoners of War in the Hands of the Rebel Authorities; being the Report of a Commission of Inquiry, appointed by the United States Sanitary Commission"; and also the Testimony in full on which the Report is founded. The members of the Commission were—Valentine Mott, M.D., LL.D., of New York, Chairman; Edward Delafield, M.D., President of the College of Physicians and Surgeons in New York; Governeur Morris Wilkins, Esq.; Elleralie Wallace, M.D., Professor in the Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia; Hon. J. I. Hare of Philadelphia; Rev. Treadwell Walden, Rector of St. Clement's Church, Philadelphia. The Report of this Commission, carefully prepared after extensive inquiry and observation, is a record of barbarism and cruelty which must shock the civilized world. It reveals the spirit of the Southern lords of the lash and chain, who, to maintain their diabolical prerogatives, have organized the bloodiest and most inexcusable rebellion that the world ever saw. It more than confirms all that the Abolitionists have ever said of the character of American slaveholders and of the demoralizing effects of slavery upon the communities where it is suffered to exist. Why need we wonder that men who make merchandize of human flesh and rob the laborer of his hire should deliberately torture and starve their prisoners of war? The Editor of the *Living Age* has not only given the Report and accompanying evidence (including pictures of several of the prisoners reduced to skeletons by starvation), but he has published it in a pamphlet by itself, and it may be had of Littell, Son & Co. of Boston. $125 per 1,000, $15 per 100, 20 cents single copy. It ought to be sent to every family in the United States and distributed all over Europe.

PERSONAL.

The widow of Joshua R. Giddings died at Jefferson, Ashtabula County, O., on the 15th ult.

Senator Wilson made forty-two speeches in six weeks during the late canvass, besides seeing his valuable book on the Anti-Slavery Measures of the late Congress safely through the press.

Massachusetts will have the right to place statues of two eminent deceased citizens in the National Statuary Hall at Washington, and John Quincy Adams and Col. Robert G. Shaw of the 54th (colored) regiment are suggested as worthy the honor.

A new work, by L. Maria Child, entitled "Looking toward Sunset," has just been published by Ticknor and Fields, Boston. It will be eagerly sought by a great multitude of people, who have learned by experience to set a high value upon whatever Mrs. Child writes.

The *Herald* says: "We understand that Gen. George B. McClellan has received the appointment of Engineer-in-Chief of the Morris and Essex Railroad—an important line in the State where he resides. The revenue of this office will be to the General equal to what he would have received had he been elected President of the United States. His salary will be $25,000 per annum."

Mr. Sumner's speech, lately delivered in this city and published in full in this paper two weeks ago, has made its appearance in pamphlet form, from the press of Wright and Potter of Boston. The Boston *Transcript* well says that, "for energy, breadth and clearness of statement, closeness of argument and variety of learning and illustration, it ranks with the best of Mr. Sumner's productions."

The Salem (Mass.) *Observer* says: "Theodore Weld delivered a very able and forcible address before the Salem Lyceum, on Wednesday evening, upon John C. Calhoun, regarded as the embodiment of the slaveholding spirit. Mr. Weld's purpose was to show the intellectual and moral results of slavery upon the whites of highest culture in the South. It was an extremely vigorous and eloquent address, worthy of the fame of Mr. Weld as an orator and scholar."

We have a letter from Sojourner Truth, giving an account of her interview with President Lincoln, for which we cannot find room this week. Meanwhile, we will inform her friends that she has commenced housekeeping in Freedmen's Village, Va., and if any of them wish to contribute to her comfort, they may send their donations to the care of Capt. George B. Carse, Freedmen's Village, Va., or to the care of Rowland Johnson, 54 Beaver st., New York.

Frederick Douglass delivered an address on the evening of Thanksgiving day in one of the colored churches in Washington. Says the correspondent of the *Independent*: "If it had been generally known that he was to speak, hundreds would have sought entrance to the church in vain. Mr. Douglass came here from Baltimore, where he had been reviewing some of his old haunts when a slave in Maryland. His opening sentences gave his audience a more forcible conception of the great change that has been wrought in Maryland within thirty years than they ever had before."

The Paris correspondent of the New York *Herald* writes: "The friends of Mr. Richard Hildreth (the historian), well known in literary and artistic circles in the United States, will regret to hear that he has become hopelessly insane. Upon the accession of Mr. Lincoln, Mr. Hildreth—then in a very bad state of health—was appointed to the Consulate of Trieste. His disease, softening of the brain, superinduced by excessive literary labor, has been gradually progressing for some years, until at length his intellect has been dethroned." He is now in Italy with his family. A. W. Thayer has taken the place of Mr. Hildreth as Consul.

A correspondent of the Boston *Christian Register*, writing lately from Philadelphia, says: "I heard Anna Dickinson (that wonderful flower just blown in the garden of girlhood) night before last, before an immense audience. Beautiful as the lily, she reared her head above that swaying, heaving multitude of human beings, containing, I am ashamed to say it, not a small element of turbulence, and her spirit reigned triumphant. Her eloquence reached sublimity, her whithering sarcasm trod down the waves of opposition, and her inspiration bound, as with a spell, all hearts in one."

M. D. Conway, writing from London to the *Commonwealth*, says: "Mason Jones, who lectured in America with such power, is just now doing us signal service in this country. He fires a big gun, and makes a good deal of flutter among the secesh. He is greatest when hissed; and a real disturbance in his meeting makes his tongue radiate shillelaghs. He is all the more effective with the masses that he does not conceal his indignation at the weakness and meanness of some of our military and civil leaders. His portrait of McClellan is capital. He has gone the rounds of the provincial towns, and is now lecturing in the western districts of London. He will soon be heard at Exeter Hall."

Among the thousand objects of interest at the Sailors' Fair in Boston was a bust of the hero Colonel, Robert G. Shaw, by Miss Edmonia Lewis. "Miss Lewis," says the *Transcript*, "*is a young colored woman of African and Indian descent*, who was educated at Oberlin College. She has been modelling for about a year in this city, and undertook to make this likeness of one whom she had never seen, out of grateful feeling 'for what he has done for her race.' Col. Shaw's family consider it an excellent likeness, and have had it photographed by Mr. Marshall, allowing the artist to sell copies for her own benefit. We are sure that many will be thankful to possess a touching and beautiful memorial of one of the ablest in our long list of brave and truthful souls who have gone thus early to their reward."

Garibaldi has contradicted, as we expected he would, the statement of Mr. M'Tear of Glasgow, implying that he had expressed pro-Southern opinions in regard to the American war. Karl Blind, on seeing M'Tear's statement, addressed a letter of inquiry to Garibaldi and received a reply, of which the following is a translation:

"Caprera, Oct. 30, 1864.

"My dear Blind: M'Tear must have misunderstood my English. My opinion on the American question is well known. Not only do I hope from it the abolition of slavery, but I consider the question to be one affecting all mankind, and woe to the world if the North did not come out victorious from this struggle.

"I thank you for your goodness. With cordial greetings to Mrs. Blind and to our friends, believe me, forever, yours affectionately, G. Garibaldi."

Carpenter's great historical painting, "The Emancipation Proclamation before the Cabinet," is about to be exhibited in Boston, in the gallery of Williams and Everett. It was visited by a large number of people while it was on exhibition in New York, and was highly commended by the critics. The *Tribune* says: "It is by all odds, next to Trumbull's picture of the 'Declaration of Independence,' a picture worth all the rest in the Rotunda of the Capitol put together; the best work of this class that has been painted in America." An engraving from this fine painting is to be executed by Ritchie of New York, and will be published in the course of the next year. During the exhibition of the painting in this city, the subscriptions to the engraving reached an aggregate of five thousand dollars.

Our Readers having been informed, through a resolution adopted at the late meeting of the Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society, that a plan for uniting the *Liberator* and the Standard in one paper was under consideration, it is proper now for us to say that the said plan is, for the present at least, and for reasons satisfactory to the parties, rejected. It is to be hoped that both papers will be maintained until every slave on the American soil is set free.

The "Black Laws" in Illinois.—A petition from fifty thousand citizens of Illinois will be presented at the coming session of the Legislature of that State for the repeal of the Black Laws of Illinois. Mr. Jones, of Chicago, a colored man of great energy, formerly a slave but now the owner of one of the finest buildings in the city, is among the most active in urging this matter.

THE FREEDMEN OF THE SOUTHWEST.

SPEECH OF W. F. MITCHELL

At a meeting of the Pennsylvania Freedmen's Relief Association, held in Philadelphia, Nov. 21st, 1864.

Reported for the Anti-Slavery Standard.

I have left my distant field of labor, and am here to-night, strong in the faith of a great and good cause. Here to speak to Philadelphians of what Pennsylvania, true to her ancient character for patriotism and benevolence, is doing in a land where the shackles are being loosed, and the day of freedom is dawning. Here to represent a band of devoted teachers, who, amid perils and privatations, are bearing to the nation's freedmen the light of knowledge and of truth. Here to present the claims of thousands of emancipated women and children. Here to speak of God's poor in their destitution and distress. Here to present their cause once more to those who have already proved themselves their friends; in a city, the magnitude of whose charities is only equalled by a hospitality which is the theme of the soldier and the admiration of the patriot.

The progress of the army under Gen. Sherman has emancipated a multitude. From personal observation, I do not see how it is possible to form any estimate of their numbers. They meet you at every turn. They populate the cities until you wonder that there are tenements to receive them. They swarm the stations, garrison the posts, and are among the bravest defenders of the nation's life.

Beginning at Nashville, we have a colored population estimated at from ten to fifteen thousand. The entire population of this city before the war was about twenty thousand, so that the number of colored refugees here gathered is more than one half-that of the original inhabitants. Of these the Contraband Camp contains but a moiety, say 600, while in every direction the cabins of colored mechanics, laborers, and government employees are rapidly rising. They are all builders, and though many of these dwellings are but shanties, there are among them such as display considerable skill and taste.

The Contraband Camp and the two principal villages are nearly in a line, but a little distance apart, while directly between the two clusters of houses stands Pennsylvania Lodge, the residence of our delegation of teachers at this post. A little further on is the Wm. Penn school, No. 1 of our Association; while at the camp beyond will soon rise the walls of the first school-house for colored people in Tennessee. The school here numbers about 200, and that about to be organized in the new house will embrace a like number.

Those who are accustomed to associate good schools with pleasant surroundings, nice furniture, and educational conveniences, would be disappointed here. A poor church, with rough slabs for seats, and bare walls, is not calculated to impress the visitor agreeably. But the seats are all full; the faces all eager; the teachers are well trained, and the Principal a graduate of a Pennsylvania Normal School.

The educational advantages proffered to the colored child by this Association are of no mean order. The latest books, the best instructors, coupled with a high moral influence, and a life-long devotion to the cause, are placed within their reach, and they are appreciated.

Little the freed people know of the great Commonwealth, with its boundless resources and teeming population, but with their first enunciation of its silvery name are associated the kindly faces of good women, warm clothing, good shoes, and a growing knowledge of books and learning.

The rapid improvement of colored children in school learning is a point so well established that our statistics would be but a repetition. When, however, a school has been organized but six weeks among a perfectly ignorant population, and there is a demand for geographies, arithmetics and interesting reading-books, it is certainly some evidence of progress.

The duties of the teacher of a contraband school are multifarious. Homes are to be visited; clothing inspected, and supplied when needed; letters to be written for soldiers' wives; while on the Sabbath, the children are gathered under a measure of that influence which the childhood of the teacher appreciated in her village Sunday-school, in the far off valley of the Susquehanna.

Let me here introduce a teachers' memorandum of a day's missionary work, directly connected with her position as a teacher:

"We have to-day visited some of the cabins which have sprung up, as if by magic, around us, for the purpose of finding those who have the greatest claim upon our charities; and my heart is full of the suffering I have seen, and the tales of cruelty and injustice I have heard. Some of these people are more destitute than they were once as slaves, yet they are willing to bear it all for sweet freedom's sake, cheerfully hoping for better days when this dark storm-cloud of war shall have passed by.

"The suffering of some of these people is heart-rending. We found one poor woman, past middle life, living in a miserable condemned Sibley tent, full of rents and holes, which was no protection whatever from the constant storm, and lowering, chilly weather of the past week. Her husband had died in the army, and here she was with three fatherless children, without fire or food, and with but a few tattered rags for clothing. She was a sensible woman, but had a broken-down look, as if life had been too hard for her. The children were bright little things, and their faces lighted up very pleasantly at the least kindly notice. She had labored for their support until exposure and suffering had quite disabled her. With the best will possible to help themselves, nothing but charity stood between them and starvation.

"In one hut we found a mother, daughter and daughter-in-law, who this morning sent to us for food. All were ill and unable to work. The mother was gray-haired and bent with age, and her son, her only support, was employed on a gunboat; and as months had elapsed since he had been heard from, they supposed him dead. It was affecting to see her implicit trust in the Divine Providence, with so few friends and no means of support. The poor old creature is firm in the belief that the Lord will take care of them, and her face wears an aspect of cheerfulness that many a white woman in a far better condition would do well to cultivate.

"As a proof of their willingness to help themselves, it was really delightful to find in one cabin a sewing-machine, bought with the earnings of the occupant. We shall find employment for her, if our friends send us piece goods.

"Among these people I found many aged and infirm men and women, and the frail tenements which are their only homes are entirely insufficient to protect them from the cold storms of the Winter, which will soon be upon us. The sufferings of these aged people, whose lives have been worn out in unpaid services, will be fearful. May the Lord open the hearts of our friends in the North to come to their relief.

"I have not conversed with any who think they were better off in slavery; and the most pitiful tale that I have listened to concluded with these words: 'I have seen dark days since we became free, but I have seen brighter days than I ever saw in slavery.'"

Sometimes it becomes necessary to name these children. Without parents, with no friends, with not even a name, they are placed in our care. Many of our familiar friends have their namesakes among these dark children, while Edward Everett, Horace Greeley, and even his Excellency the Governor, are answered to by bright boys of African descent.

The headquarters of the Association in the Southwest are at Nashville, and it is becoming well understood among those having the care of the freed people, Captains and Lieutenants in charge of Contraband camps, Colonels of colored regiments, lessees of plantations, Surgeons in charge of colored hospitals, and all interested in the elevation of the African race, that the Pennsylvania Association is organizing a permanent work.

There is not a week that we are not applied to for help. "Can you send us a teacher for our camp?" "Have you clothing for women and children," are frequent questions. We can answer them in the affirmative only as the means are provided by our friends at home.

The most painful feature of our work in Nashville is the number of destitute women and children who are continually arriving. But a few weeks since we were in despair. Our supply of goods was almost entirely exhausted. As morning after morning we turned from the door of our lodge bare-footed women and children, we looked seriously at one another as we gathered around our simple board, and our hearts sickened at the prospect before us. We issued an appeal, and most nobly it has been responded to. Boxes of goods are on their way from several Northern points, and while there is need for all that can be sent us, our hearts are cheered with the prospect of even partial relief. But this sort of aid will not be needed long by the freed people of our department.

They who affirm that the colored people are unable or unwilling to take care of themselves are simply ignorant of the habits and character of the race. The colored man understands the value of a "greenback" just as well as you or I, and will work as hard for it.

Let me here make one or two statements.

The contraband camp in the Department of the Cumberland have this year raised $300,000 worth of cotton.

Last Spring I visited the contraband camp at Huntsville, Ala. It contained about 300 persons, one half of whom were ill.* It was entirely dependent on the government and charity of the North. It was the scene of squalor and misery beyond description. Mark the change. But a few weeks since I visited it again—population about the same. On the sick list *two*—camp nearly self-supporting, and had it not been for a raid upon the plantation they would have returned to the government all with which they were supplied last year. And these were women and children, and a few men unfit for the army.

It is now only the newly arrived who require aid, but they are very needy.

Those who recollect the Ward meetings of '57 in this city, may remember the classification that was then made; God's poor, man's poor, and paupers. There are man's poor and God's poor both; made poor by man's injustice—God's poor, as commended to us in their transition from slavery to freedom.

At Murfreesboro, 30 miles from Nashville, is the second school of the Association, numbering 300 children; and here, as in Nashville, there is a flourishing Sabbath school.

The teachers at this point have also a night-school for adults, on the plan of that held for so many years in Raspberry Alley in this city. Here, too, is a camp of contrabands, with many destitute ones; and the appeals of the Principal for aid are frequent and earnest.

An interesting circumstance in connection with the work at this place is the fact, that when, by a military order, the rations of the teachers were cut off, the freed people voluntarily came forward and supplied subsistence, and thus they continue to do, notwithstanding the pitiful opinion that they cannot take care of themselves.

The Principal of this school is a lady from Bucks County, also a graduate of the State Normal School. She was obliged to take refuge in the fort during Wheeler's late raid, but, nothing daunted, she resumed her work when the alarm was over.

There are now four teachers at this place employed by our Association. The children here are studying geography and arithmetic, and writing letters.

To these simple people our lady teachers are the great ones of the earth. They hang upon their words and imitate their manners. They bring to them their griefs and sorrows, confident that they who have come so far to instruct them must have hearts to pity and to feel for them. Who can calculate the powerful influence thus brought to bear? Is it any wonder that the majority of the colored people in Murfreesboro are self-supporting? They do not hire land, but they have work and earn money. The idle and lazy here I have yet to see.

The third school of our Association is at Stevenson, Ala., 113 miles from Nashville. It is at the junction of the Nashville and Chattanooga and Memphis and Charleston Railroad. This is the roughest of all our stations. The country here reminds one of the cemetery to which Dickens's Jo guided the lady of Bleak House. Looking through the grating at the damp, mouldy ground, with its array of half-sunken tombstones, she turned to the boy and asked, "Is this consecrated ground?" "The which?" said Jo. "Is it blessed?" "I'm blest if I know," was the reply, "I should think it was tothered."

Here we organized a school last Spring. A log building was erected by order of the lamented Col. Ireland of New York, and here we gathered a school of 175 children. Of these, 75 have been removed to Nashville; the remainder are self-supporting mechanics, wagon makers and blacksmiths.

At present the school-house is undergoing repairs, but the teacher, a young man from Western Pennsylvania, is on the spot, and, as we have no idlers in our ranks, he is, while waiting, teaching a school for poor whites—the most abject beings in all creation, not excepting the blacks.

The results of three months' efforts of a lady teacher at this post last Summer were of the most gratifying character. Nearly 100 children learned to read. This school we carefully examined and closed for the Summer vacation late last season. The teacher at this point must endure many privations, but he feels, as we all do, that the cause is worthy of sacrifice.

Here I turn aside to introduce a simple picture.

I was desirous that the school-house referred to in Stevenson should be protected, and the colored people permitted to occupy it during the vacation as a place of worship. Learning that there was in the neighborhood a Pennsylvania regiment, I sought the commander, to beg of him to see that the building remained uninjured. The camp was visited and the tent of the Colonel pointed out. A great deal has been said of the luxury in which officers indulge in camp. Raising the curtain, I discovered three gum blankets, on which reclined three gentlemen, each having a meerschaum pipe. These, with a single loaf of bread, constituted the inventory of the tent. It was a German regiment from Philadelphia. It is needless to add that the favor sought was readily granted.

One of the most interesting fields of our operations in the Southwest is at Huntsville, Ala. Here we have a school of 180 children, taught by two male teachers the principal being a Philadelphian, and bearing the historical name of Shippen. But two years since the situation of the poor colored people at this point was most deplorable. They flocked into the town from the surrounding country, and, destitute of shelter, clothing, and even food, hundreds of them found but their graves. They lay about in the streets, congregated in cellars, and were frequently found in corners and alleys where they had crawled to die. It was at one time a hard task for the chaplain of an Iowa regiment, who voluntarily interested himself for them, to procure material to meet the demand for coffins.

From observation I should judge that one-half of the present population of this town are colored people. Of this large number, say 1,500, I am confidently assured that not more than a dozen draw rations from the government. The market is supplied with produce by them; they pick the cotton, and they have the money, and were it not for the senseless prejudice of Northern men, their industry would soon make them lords of the manor.

For months we endeavored to supply them with schools and teachers, but military regulations, not intended to embarrass, and the illness of our teachers at Nashville, prevented it

up to the master's standard. To their utter dismay, at the close of the week, when it was weighed by the overseer, it fell short. True to his fellows, the shrewd negro at once cast about for a plan of relief. "Take the slate to massa, and tell him that the picking is short, and that I am going to flog you all on Monday morning." The boy who carried the message delivered it as directed. "He will flog you all, will he, and prevent your having the holiday too, I suppose? Tell him to come to me." The overseer promptly presented himself. "Did you threaten to flog the niggers on Monday morning, because the picking was short?" "I did, massa." "Very well, you are not to do it, and they shall have their holiday." "Very well, just as you say, but you see now who spoils them darkies. Whenever I try to bring them up to the mark, you spoil 'em with favors." The trick had succeeded, and the boys were jubilant.

Soon after the occupation of the place by our forces, this planter moved into town, leaving his faithful servant to attend to his interest as usual on the plantation. One day the overseer presented himself with the astounding information that the Yankees had stolen the cows. "Well, Harry, you must get them." "But, massa, I don't Know as I can; and my 'pinion is, that if you want to keep dem are cows, you better divide 'em 'round 'mong de colored families." "But, Harry, what shall I do for milk and butter!" "Oh, we will give you some, massa." "Well, Harry, get 'em this time—we'll see." The cows were returned, but soon they were again in the hands of the Yankees, and the same process repeated. But the third time the overseer positively refused to receive them, unless he could be allowed at once to distribute them among the colored people. The master yielded. The cows were divided, and soon after the trusty agent informed him that he believed that it was God's will that he should do something for himself. "I have worked for you faithful, massa, and don't want to leave you, but the Lord's will must be done." And it was done. And the pious negro earned $1,200 the succeeding year.

On the occasion of the opening of the school at Huntsville, many of the parents came with their children, and lingered to watch our proceedings. There were traces here of the good work of one of the noblest institutions the world ever saw. I refer to the Christian Commission. Whatever may have been the course hitherto taken by the Churches of the North, this most catholic association has, in the Southwest, been true to freedom.

Here, too, is a contraband camp. I have already spoken of its industrial progress. But a week before I left Nashville, a letter from the officer in charge informed me that the guerillas were burning the cabins of the colored people in every direction. Forty persons had just been added to his camp, and they were very destitute of clothing. Supplies will be sent to him as soon as the state of the roads will permit of it.

At this time there is a small school taught by a soldier; the books and charts being supplied by our Association.

At the time of my last visit, about six weeks since, there was but one sick man; and it was a satisfaction to me to notice, as I stood by his bedside, that the blankets were from our own supplies of last year.

In the several school-houses of which I have spoken there will be gathered this Winter at least 1,000 children.

In its selection of teachers the Pennsylvania Freedmen's Relief Association is guided by capability and experience. A religious spirit—I don't say a profession of religion—is regarded as an indispensable advantage. The denomination is not regarded. At a gathering of our delegation in Nashville, preparatory to their location in separate fields, it was found that eight different sects were represented. We were together several days. But one thought animated us; but one theme was uppermost—the elevation of the nation's freedmen.

Ours is a cause as wide as humanity itself. Never before has the Divine Providence opened such a door to human effort. Never before has such a field whitened to the harvest.

There is one point which I desire to make specially prominent, and that is the capability of the freedman to sustain himself. Upon my visit to Huntsville, already referred to, as we were returning from the contraband camp, the chaplain in charge proposed that we should visit a deserted mansion in the immediate neighborhood. A few minutes ride brought us to the spot. A beautiful park, thickly studded with fine old trees, partially concealed a handsome modern residence. The gate stood wide open, as did also the large doors of the dwelling. Not a sound broke the silence, save the clatter of our horses' feet as we rode up the wide avenue. We dismounted and glanced about us. The scene was beautiful! The magnificent park, the flourishing shrubbery, the tasteful walks bordered with flowers the roses yet in full bloom, the green-house and arbors, all testified to the elegant taste of the owner. Nature had yielded slowly to his neglect of her bounties, and still proffered her rich tribute to his former care. But upon entering the mansion, how changed was the scene! Carpetless floors, strewn with broken furniture; here a bureau with its marble top ruthlessly broken; there an elegant rocking-chair with but two legs remaining; sofas with seats cut open, and bedsteads of costly material piled together; remnants of cabinets of minerals, and the remains of a library. But two pieces of furniture had been spared. The great pier glasses, elegant specimens of art furniture, at either end of the saloon parlor, were uninjured. No good man, I am sure, could survey such a wreck as this without emotion—a profound pity for the folly which could tempt a man to cast away such advantages, to abandon such a home. A glance at the few books remaining of what was no doubt once a large and interesting collection, displayed to some extent the literary taste of the former proprietor. A few works of science and exploration, two volumes of Josephus, one or two able theological books, and "Tacitus," which my friend the chaplain, who is a little near-sighted, called tactics.

We turned from this scene with sadness. If every house has its skeleton, this was a charnel house. It seemed as though the judgment of God had walked through it, leaving the doors wide open. We had proceeded but a short distance when our eyes were greeted by another scene.

A simple frame dwelling, neatly constructed, with an eye to utility only, standing alone in a field of ten acres. The ripened corn and the snowy cotton laughed in their luxuriance, as they responded to the industry of their cultivator. The smoke curled from the chimney of the cottage, and we could easily imagine happy inmates, who would reap the broad acres before us. This was the dwelling of a freedwoman, who, with her two sons, had inclosed this tract, gathering the materials for fencing all over the country; sowing the seed, cultivating the plants and making a free home. Note the contrast:

Rebellion—waste, ruin.

Freedom—industry, wealth.

The aim of the Pennsylvania Freedmen's Relief Association is to add the blessings of education to a home like this—to plant free schools near free homes. And the effort is appreciated. Our teachers all tell the same story, all make the same report. The lessons of the school room are repeated in the cabin; and the fireside witnesses a rehearsal of the exercises of the day.

The colored children are apt scholars. My observation has shown me that the average of capability in colored schools is fully equal to that of whites of the same class. Added to this, even the children are being understand that there is a change in their condition, and to catch the spirit of liberty.

Only a few weeks since there came to the contraband camp at Clarksville, on the Cumberland river, two boys who had walked ten miles the night before to find the Union. When asked why they left their masters, their only reply was: "We wanted to be free." Who that has read of the visit paid by the Boston boys to Gen. Gage, to complain to him of the conduct of his soldiers, but remembers his observation—"The very children have caught the spirit of liberty"? *They* were the sons of the Otises and the Adamses, trained to liberty from their cradles. But these dark-hued children knew not freedom even by tradition. With them it was an instinct of human nature.

I might speak of the perils and sufferings of our teachers in the Southwest; of a week in which ten of a single household were prostrated by fever; of a party, several of whom were ladies, who in the darkness of night chose to risk a journey of 30 miles in a stage with sinister-looking Tennesseeans, that they might reach their field of effort. I might picture a teacher leaving the cars at midnight—[Here, in the middle of a sentence, our report abruptly ends.

Our Washington Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 27th, 1864.

A WEEK from to-morrow, and Congress will be in session. There is a very general anticipation that little work will be done at the second session, because there is very little to do; but there may be a disappointment in this matter. There is *always* work for Congress to do, and it is especially true when the government is prosecuting a great war. There will be no attempt to pass the Constitutional Amendment, I judge, for it was tried faithfully at the last session, and the two-thirds votes needed are not to be had. There will be legislation, however, which requires but a majority vote, and enough of it too, I presume, to satisfy the Superintendent of the Printing.

I met John A. Bingham on the Avenue yesterday, looking happy enough over the result of the elections. Your readers will remember him as one of the boldest Republicans for years in the House. He was elected Congress after Congress from Ohio, but when the Republicans re-districted the State they cut off a very large part of his majority and put it into other districts to make them sure. Mr. Bingham was in this way defeated, but at the late election he was again chosen to take his old place. He is one of the ablest and most honest men ever in Congress. In speaking of the future, Mr. Bingham expresses the confident opinion that the President and the new Congress are agreed upon the policy of extirpating slavery from the land by a Constitutional enactment. He has had several interviews with the President, and is satisfied with his position upon the subject.

Mr. Frederick Douglass has been in Washington lecturing, and few white men, in or out of Congress, have ever spoken for two hours with the ability displayed by Mr. D. on Thursday evening. The hall was crowded, though there was an entrance-fee, and there had been very little advertising in the newspapers. A majority of the audience was colored, and they seemed to comprehend most fully some of his allusions to slavery and the life of a slave. Two paragraphs I will quote from the speech as it is reported in the columns of the *Republican* of this city:

"As an instance of one of the great changes that had taken place, the speaker announced (with a derisive smile on his lips) that he had that day come from the city of Baltimore—a city which, a few years ago, had sprinkled her streets with the blood of Massachusetts soldiers. If anyone had told him five years ago that he (Douglass) would have been permitted to speak at this day in Baltimore, he would have considered him as insane as if he would send him on a mission to the moon. But he had been there, and had talked himself hoarse (applause). The speaker could remember but two very prominent events in his life—one when he ran away from Maryland, twenty-six or twenty-seven years ago, and the other when he returned (applause).

"He left a slave and came back a free man. He left in a hurry and returned at his leisure, and by easy stages (laughter). He left Maryland a slave State, accursed, blasted, withered by that curse of curses, and returned to find her a glorious free State (applause).

* * * * * * * * * *

"The speaker here related that while standing at the depot in Baltimore, a day or two ago, he was accosted by a Marylander, who expressed delight at seeing him (Douglass) there. And he knew the Marylander was sincere, for it was from him that the speaker had ran away twenty-seven years ago (applause and laughter). When the dove found its way back to Noah's window with a leaf in its mouth, he knew the flood had gone. When I (said the speaker) appeared in Baltimore, it was known that slavery had gone out the back door (laughter)."

If Mr. Douglass will come here and deliver half a dozen lectures, some time this Winter, in a commodious hall, charging a fair entrance-fee, he can command as large an audience as he can desire. Let him try it—for the benefit of Washington if not for his own profit. Washington and Baltimore are changed—much more so by the war—than are Philadelphia and New York.

I shall not venture to say anything respecting the military situation, speculations are worth so little and facts become stale so quickly. Sherman may perform fresh wonders before this letter is in print, so that everthing that he has already accomplished (at the date of this letter) will appear very tame. The war-officials here—the President, Mr. Stanton and Gen. Halleck—who undoubtedly understand Sherman's plans, seem to be perfectly satisfied with the results thus far, and equally confident of the future. Grant stands ready to strike a crushing blow if Lee ventures to detach any of his forces to aid Georgia in her trouble. I cannot believe that he has sent any troops there from Virginia. He cannot do it without taking enormous risks of losing his hold upon Richmond. He probably will simply hold his own, and leave the people of the cotton States to defend themselves. Gen. Grant is not likely to make an attack upon Lee this season, unless Lee makes a blunder. In the Spring, however, with a strengthened army, it will be different. Then Lee *must* retreat further South.

It is evident that the policy of the rebels is to tire us out—to prolong the war till the people of the loyal States are sick of it. They no longer hope to win victories over our armies in the field, but expect to be able to keep up a prolonged resistance in defensive warfare. If it becomes necessary, their armies will retreat—they will do *anything* to continue the war.

The expedition against Wilmington is not given up, but it probably awaits the result of Sherman's movement. A large coöperating land force will be necessary to make the expedition successful, which cannot well be spared at the present moment. Before Christmas, though, the attack will be made upon Wilmington, without a doubt.

Brazil is indignant at the seizure of the Florida—probably a good deal more so than she would be if she were not backed up by the French government. France and England are indignant too—but to no purpose, for Mr. Seward will not attempt to justify the capture of the pirate-ship, nor should he. The act was not a brave one—not one which proves the man who did it to be skillful as well as brave. It was unquestionably an act we should resent if committed in our waters in time of peace. Mr. Seward regards the subject in this light—I judge from what I have heard—and it is the right way to dispose of the matter. We can carry through this war to a successful end with the sympathies of England and France against us, and it is important that we should set no example, establish no precedent which will plague us hereafter. Let the vessel then be given up—if international law demands it.

The soldiers in and around Washington enjoyed their Thanksgiving like their good friends at home. They were all provided with a good Thanksgiving dinner—turkey and cranberry sauce, oysters, pumpkin pies, and other things calculated to excite the soldier's appetite. Even the rebels in the Old Capitol were not forgotten. Their friends in this city provided for some of them, but *open* sympathy with the rebels is growing unpopular of late, since the government is punishing the acts of these semi-traitors with severity. The Mrs. Hutchins of Baltimore, who has just been sentenced to five years in a Massachusetts prison, for sending a sword to the rebel Harry Gilmor, was one of the Secesh aristocracy of Baltimore, and the blow is a terrible one to the whole of them. Severe as the punishment seems to be, it is the only thing that will put an end to the nefarious schemes of the female rebels of this region. So long as they can *safely* defy the government, they will communicate with rebels and despise the government. But when they are struck with terror, they will not only cease their miserable work, but they will respect the government that punishes them. It will be characterized as brutal on the part of the Military Court which tried Mrs. Hutchins, no doubt, in rebel circles, but that matters very little if the sentence was deserved and it answers its purpose.

AVON.

THE DUTY OF THE HOUR—[*Extract of a letter to the Editor.*] How much we have to rejoice in, and to be thankful for, in the result of the election! Yet the PRO-SLAVERY minority is very large, crafty and powerful—and will need vigilant looking-after. Not a day must be lost in making slavery illegal and unconstitutional, and in prohibiting its existence in any State of the Union. While it lives, the weapon exists wherewith craft and selfishness and greed and love of place and power can work for the overthrow of our government and the nullifying of all we have gained hitherto. It is no time for anti-slavery and patriotic men to rest on their oars, nor to allow themselves to be lulled into security. The people have done well, wisely, nobly, in sustaining the present Administration, and in so signally discarding those who have counselled submission to Jefferson Davis and his fellows, and thus advised our National shame and eternal dishonor. But we must not stop in well-doing, nor "look back" in this work. Not till the axe is laid at the root of the tree of slavery, and we see it uprooted, prostrate, dead, without one single fibre or filament drawing sustenance from any legal or constitutional source, can we stay our hands. Let all join in a determined perseverance, to the very end. Upon such resolve and endeavor, that same all-powerful benediction, which has so wonderfully been on our side hitherto, will continue to be given, until the perfect victory is gained.

Our Boston Correspondence.

BOSTON, Nov. 28th, 1864.

"RIGHT-ABOUT FACE! FORWARD! MARCH!

God, who is unchangeable, whatever Rev. Dr. Putnam may say to the contrary, has been repeating this command to our nation ever since it allied itself to the sin of slaveholding. About four years ago, the nation began to awake to the necessity of obeying this command. The movement was uncustomary and difficult. Very slowly, very reluctantly, the people and the rulers began to adapt themselves to it. File after file, platoon after platoon, company after company, regiment after regiment, made the hard step of turning their backs upon the chosen course and favorite policy of their whole previous lives, and beginning to move in the opposite direction. Man by man, every party, clan and sect executed the movement. People and priests, sinners and saints, with more or less alacrity, according to circumstances, gave their support, or their acquiescence, to the great movement of destiny against slavery. Now, *all* have fallen into line. All who are worth noticing or thinking of agree that slavery must cease—and must cease now—and that *their* vote must be recorded against it. Those who have never cared for the immorality and inhumanity of it find themselves now impressed with a keen sense of the inconvenience of it. It has been proved to their thorough conviction that we cannot have peace with slavery; they therefore endorse the order for the death and burial of slavery. And all the people say, AMEN.

For the first time since my knowledge of Boston, all its pulpits took this position (either by speech or silence) in last Thursday's Thanksgiving services. I have not heard of a word said in any of them in vindication of our Secessionist "brethren," or in extenuation of their "peculiar institution." The watchmen on these towers of Zion all know that slavery is doomed; they therefore all say, Let it die! Some of those whose hearts are known to go with their voices in this matter (like our faithful fellow-laborer, Mr. Manning of the old South Church, whose sermon was a peculiarly excellent one), were favored with a large attendance. And the ministers and people of *our* State had the satisfaction of observing the Governor's Thanksgiving as well as the President's.

Mr. Garrison, you know, has lately removed his residence to Roxbury. It is said that he took the opportunity of Thanksgiving day to hear (for the first time) the preaching of his new neighbor, Rev. Dr. Putnam, and that he was astonished and delighted with the fervor of that gentleman's denunciation of slavery. It appears, therefore, that he has adhered to the new policy upon that subject which he announced a few months ago, informing his hearers that God had become an Abolitionist, and that it was absolutely necessary for them and himself to follow the example. This method of claiming correctness and faithfulness for himself by imputing error and change to the Creator is certainly bold and ingenious, though not much credit can be claimed for it on the score of piety or reverence. Dr. Putnam's church has always been, like himself, eminently "conservative." The experience of the last year is said to have brought about two-thirds of them to Republican politics.

The exceeding difficulty of a thorough change from Hunkerism to reform is well illustrated in your report of the congratulatory address of the State Republican Committee of Maryland to the President, on the occasion of his reëlection, and in Mr. Lincoln's reply. The Committee hoped that the continued Administration would be prosperous and successful "in the reëstablishment of a *free* Union." And Mr. Lincoln, in reply, hoped that the progress of events would "*restore* peace and harmony, and make us *as we were*, an undivided and happy and prosperous people." The force of habit occasions such language as this still to be used, though the action of the speakers for the whole year past has been contradicting it. It is better to adapt our language to the facts in the case, and it is time for "Honest Abe" to set the example. We certainly ought, by this time, to understand clearly, and to say plainly, that we have never been either a truly united or a truly prosperous people. The catastrophe that has now come upon us is only the culmination of a long course of vicious and ruinous policy; only the open breaking out of a fire long smouldering in secret; and the transfer to the nation's field of that state of warfare which necessarily exists, and always has existed, between the master and the slave. The best preparation for the attainment of a free country, an united people, and a prosperous nation, is frankly to confess that we have never yet had either, and that slavery has been the interposing obstacle. Let us start on the new voyage not only with a clean bill of health, but with an honest conformity of our language to our condition.

The press tells us that your city has had a beginning of the incendiarism suggested by the Richmond editors. We may be thankful that, since the plot was real, and the attempt was actually made, it was made with prominence enough to set the whole North on its guard, and make it a dangerous business to repeat the attempt, either in New York or in any loyal city. That conspiracy has failed, and failed with the least injury possible, compatible with its thorough exposure. We are yet to see what portion of the criminals will be brought to punishment. Some of the subordinates are in custody; others are known, and have the detectives on their track; and it is to be hoped that Chief-of-Police Grant may before long seize the original instigators in Richmond.

A more quiet sort of incendiarism also has met with a decided failure. It is said by the political papers that "Mr. Joseph Parker, of Manchester, England" (no doubt Joseph Barker, the apostate Abolitionist), arrived in your city about six weeks ago, bearing a "Peace Address" got up by emissaries of the rebellion, and purporting to be signed by 350,000 of the people of Great Britain and Ireland, requesting the government of the United States to discontinue hostilities; equivalent to a request that the hostile movements of the rebels may go on unimpeded. With this came a letter from Sir Henry De Houghton to Gov. Seymour, commending the address to him for circulation and coöperation. Gov. Seymour, however, declined to receive the address, suggested that it be kept quiet until after the election, and advised that it then be presented to the President. Accordingly, last week, Mr. Barker put himself in communication with Secretary Seward, and, after a course of diplomatic correspondence, was informed that the President would neither receive the address nor grant an interview to the bearer of it. Mr. Barker is said now to be resting on his oars, and considering whether it be worth while to ask the attention of Congress to his rejected address.

Yesterday, the 27th of November, was a moist and mild day, and the attention of many people was attracted by a considerable number of small brownish-gray moths or millers, fluttering about the trunks of the elm trees. It appeared that they were forming connections with small wingless grubs, not unlike the "sow-bug" in shape and hue, and resting in the crevices of the elm-tree bark, from which they were scarcely distinguishable in color. Are these the parents of next year's canker-worms? It is much to be desired that those who know the origin and ancestors of the canker-worm would publish information accurate and minute enough to enable us to protect the elm and apple trees from their ravages. Is it the insects just described that are to be attacked by way of prevention? Between what dates are they to be watched for in the Fall? Is further watchfulness necessary in the Spring, and if so, when? How may they most easily and thoroughly be destroyed? etc., etc.

It is too early yet to report the *net* results of the National Sailors' Fair, lately held in the Boston Theatre, but it has proved a distinguished success, having taken more than $200,000. The exhibition of Athenæum pictures in its behalf, reinforced by numerous fine paintings belonging to individuals of this city, will be continued through the present week.

The seventh series of lectures now in progress at the Music Hall under the auspices of the Parker Fraternity has received, as it has deserved, a very large attendance. The last two lecturers have been Rev. D. A. Wasson, who proposed a plan for regulating and restricting the suffrage, and Dr. O. W. Holmes, who suggested some good ideas towards greater thoroughness and practical efficiency in the science and literature of our country. The next speaker there is to be your lively Albany friend, Rev. C. G. Ames.

The Parker Fraternity have done another good deed this Winter, engaging a series of six lectures from Ralph Waldo Emerson, to be delivered at the Melodeon on successive Sunday evenings. The first of these, on "Education," was given last evening, Nov. 27th, to a large and fine audience. The hearer of Mr. Emerson usually finds in his lectures a good deal of dissent from generally received ideas, and a good deal of paradoxical statement. Here, however, the opening of the lecture showed the speaker in unity with the great heart of the nation, and actively sympathizing with the realities of the present time. He congratulated his hearers on the good omens of the hour; on the recent decision of the people in favor of national order; on the fact that the nation has asserted its existence as a nation, and maintains that this relation shall be held as sacred as marriage, as contracts of property, as the special laws that guard the life and honor of the citizen. And after an extended introduction, very impressively setting forth the right of the national cause and the gross injustice of the course adopted by the rebels, he proceeded to speak of Education, making suggestions in regard to the conditions needful for its success and efficiency, both in the common school and the University. The discourse, though thoroughly Emersonian, and keenly enjoyed by the customary hearers of the Concord philosopher, was yet practical rather than transcendental. By the way, why should not your citizens enlarge their acquaintance with Mr. Emerson by means of these very lectures? They will suit your latitude, and may be recommended (judging by the one just delivered) as a judicious mixture of the useful with the agreeable. Moreover, Mr. Emerson's ideas are of so liberal a sort, that he would as readily deliver them on Tuesday or Wednesday evening as on Sunday.

Absorbing as political and martial matters have been and are, we do not forget nor neglect to carry onward our accustomed "Boston notions." A Society was formed here a couple of years ago to provide for the welfare of young children, taken up on charges of vagrancy and petty larceny, and imprisoned for failure of payment of trifling fines. After succeeding in its operations so far, and seeing good hope of success in a larger movement, it is proposed to obtain an act of incorporation for "The Children's Aid Society." Accordingly, Charles G. Loring, Esq., Rev. James Freeman Clarke, George Bemis, Esq., and Marshall S. Scudder, Esq., on behalf of this Society, have given notice of an intention to petition the Legislature, at its next session, for an act of incorporation for charitable purposes, with a capital not exceeding one hundred thousand dollars.

Certainly, one of the chief wants of great cities is some effective means of taking their vagrant juvenile population out of the network of temptation and crime which surrounds them, and providing means by which they may be brought up honestly, and placed in some self-supporting employment. To do this work thoroughly is not only to accomplish something of the highest value in itself, but to diminish the amount of the work always in preparation for our courts and jails. When will men learn that prevention is better than cure? When will they learn that the saving of children's bodies and souls, by methods like those of the Children's Aid Society, is profitable for the life that now is, as well as for that which is to come?

NORTH.

LAW AND JUSTICE IN WASHINGTON.

ALEXANDRIA, Va., Nov. 21, 1864.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

IN the last letter of your Washington correspondent I find a statement to the effect that Congress has failed to prohibit, in any instance, the exclusion of persons from the cars, on account of color. Congress has prohibited such exclusion in two instances. The practice of one of the city railroads of allowing colored people to ride only in those cars which display the odious sign, "Colored Persons admitted in this Car," is a glaring violation of its charter and renders it liable to a forfeiture of the same.

As the colored people of the District appear to be ignorant in respect to their rights in this matter, and some of their friends are not fully informed, I hope you will publish, for the benefit of all interested, the following abstract of Congressional legislation on the subject:

Feb. 27, 1863.—Pending a supplement to the charter of the Washington and Alexandria Railroad Company, Mr. Sumner offered this proviso to the first section: That no person shall be excluded from the cars on account of color. Which was agreed to—yeas 19, nays 18. March 2.—The House concurred in the amendment without debate, under the previous question.

March 17, 1864.—The Senate considered the bill to incorporate the Metropolitan Railroad Company, in the District of Columbia, the pending question being an amendment, offered by Mr. Sumner, to add to the fourteenth section the words: Provided, That there shall be no regulation excluding any person from any car on account of color. Which was agreed to—yeas 19, nays 17. The bill then passed the Senate. June 19.—The House refused to strike out the Senate amendment—yeas 60, nays 76, and the bill passed the House and was approved by the President.

A similar proviso to the supplement of the charter of the Washington and Georgetown Railroad Company passed the Senate, but was lost in the House.

Thus it will be seen that on *one* of the city railways—the Metropolitan—and on one of the railroads from the city—the Washington and Alexandria—colored people have the right secured them by Congress to ride in *any* of the cars. I hope that they and their friends will insist upon this right and that they will no longer submit to indignities, such as I myself, while ignorant of the true state of the case, have seen put upon them.

W. M. SCOTT.

POLITICAL.

Lincoln's majority over McClellan in the State of New York is 6,796. Fenton for Governor has a majority of 8,307 over Seymour.

The returns of the votes cast by soldiers of New Hampshire in the recent election, so far as they have been received, show the following result: Lincoln 1,998, McClellan 679; majority for Lincoln 1,319.

"Agate," the Washington correspondent of the Cincinnati *Gazette*, asserts that Mrs. Lincoln is opposed to the nomination of Gen. Banks to a Cabinet office, and was using her influence with distinguished persons against him.

Bennett's *Herald*, however lacking in moral principle, is not devoid of political sagacity. Having been the obsequious and pliant tool of the slaveholders ever since it had an existence, it now has the wit to see that the times have changed, and is not inclined longer to serve a power that can no more reward its vassals. Its advice to the Democratic party is significant.

"Abraham Lincoln, elected President in 1860, upon the platform of the exclusion of slavery from the Territories, is reëlected in 1864 upon the platform of the absolute extinction and perpetual prohibition of slavery over every foot of soil within the jurisdiction of the United States. It is altogether probable, too, that before the close of Mr. Lincoln's second term the institution of slavery will have ceased to exist from the Potomac river to the Rio Grande. The course of events is drifting strongly in this direction. What, then, is the great fact to which the Northern remnants of the Democratic party demolished by slavery, should turn their attention? It is this: that their vocation, as the servants of their former Southern pro-slavery masters, is gone; that there will be no more debasing concessions to slavery required, no more grovelling in the dust to Southern pro-slavery politicians for a sop among the fat things of the government kitchen, no more Chinese sprawling flat on the ground to the three-tailed mandarins of the empire for their favor. All this is done away with. They could not see it—they of the Albany Regency at Chicago; but they can see it now, unless they are as blind as poor old Buchanan was in 1860. What, then, should be the new departure of the Northern Democracy? They should take the initiative in Congress, and coöperate in the States for that amendment of the Constitution which will remove this stumbling block of slavery entirely out of the country, and forever and ever. This done, the opposition elements of the Union restored can easily organize a victorious national party upon the great practical issues touching our foreign and domestic affairs that will then come into the foreground. On the other hand, while the Northern Democracy continue to cross themselves, and mutter their old party prayers before the grinning skeleton of Southern slavery, they can do nothing. We advise the forlorn Democracy to look about them carefully, and they will see that they are behind the times, and will never catch up by standing still."

OBITUARY.

THOMAS WHITSON.

DIED, on the 24th of 11th month, 1864, at his residence, West Fallowfield, Chester County, Pennsylvania, THOMAS WHITSON, an earnest and acceptable Minister in the Society of Friends, aged nearly 69 years.

Thomas Whitson was a man of rare qualities. His mind, though not embellished with the culture and education of the schools, was vigorous and comprehensive. Few men, so simple and unpretending in life and manner, have made so deep an impression upon the minds of a large circle of friends. Whether in conversation, or in his public discourses, there was a point and significance in what he said, which commanded attention that could not be secured by the mere embellishment of fine words.

His interest in the work of human progress was awakened in early life, and continued undiminished unto the end. His illness lasted about nine weeks, and, through it all, he was possessed of the same spirit which had ever animated his life. A short time previous to his illness, he addressed a letter to the President of the United States, in which he urged the necessity of having the present conflict ended upon the only basis that could ensure permanent peace—the thorough and uncompromising abolition of slavery. During his illness, one of his attendants was reading some account of the emancipation that had taken place in the State of Maryland on the same day; he asked the reader to pause, saying that that was enough of glorious news for that day.

In his intercourse with his neighbors, and fellow-men generally, he carried out, to the fullest extent, his favorite principle of Christian Equality. The poor and the weak commanded his respect and attention, no less than the rich and the strong. He was a member of the Anti-Slavery Convention held in Philadelphia, in the year 1833, and was among the first to sign the memorable Declaration of Sentiments issued by that body. He loved his anti-slavery friends as his nearest kindred, and in him the black man always found a ready, helping friend.

In a notice of this kind it is impossible adequately to portray or delineate the character of this excellent, indeed, we might say, extraordinary man.

He was buried on the 27th inst., in the Friends' burial ground at Sadsbury. His funeral was attended by his widow and seven children, and an immense concourse of loving and admiring friends, among whom were many colored people.

Eleventh month 29, 1864.

Chronicles of the War.

Latest News in Brief.

Sherman's campaign in Georgia is now the great point of interest in relation to the war. We have, of course, no intelligence of his movements except what has come through rebel channels; but that is mainly of a character to inspire confidence in the results of his campaign. As nearly as can be gathered from the reports of the enemy, who announce their own discomfiture with great unwillingness, Sherman's army is moving in parallel columns in the direction of Augusta and Savannah. The following towns have been captured and partly or wholly burned, viz: Rome, Marietta, Stone Mountain, Social Circle, Monticello, Hillsborough, and Canton. The destruction of Atlanta is confirmed. At Canton, the house of Gov. Brown was burned. Macon and Milledgeville were threatened on the 20th, at which time Sherman's forces were near those cities. The inhabitants of Milledgeville had fled, and the Legislature of the State, then in session, hurriedly adjourned, and the members departed for places of safety. A militia force of the rebels under Howell Cobb, and another body under Wheeler, made several feeble attempts to oppose Sherman's advance, but fell back without a battle. The rebel chiefs, greatly alarmed at the magnitude of the danger, are uttering frantic appeals for men and means to stay the march of our army; Jeff. Davis and his Secretary of War, Gov. Brown and Beauregard, join in exhortations to the people of Georgia to rally for the defence of the State. Ex-Gen. Roger A. Pryor, captured last Sunday before Richmond, is said to have admitted that Sherman had captured Macon and Milledgeville, and that there was little, if any, doubt, from the rapid progress he was making, that he had captured Augusta; and that he would encounter nothing serious to impede his march to the seaboard; that with Augusta in his possession, the Southwest would be cut off from Richmond, and that no troops could be sent from Lee to reinforce Savannah. Gen. Pryor talked freely and apparently with frankness remarking that the South now regarded Gen. Sherman with more alarm than any other officer in the service of the United States; and that the press of the South would not be so communicative as heretofore regarding Sherman's movements. He further said it was reported that Sherman had liberated a number of Union prisoners, and armed them, but that this rumor needed confirmation.

The soldiers generally appear to have enjoyed their Thanksgiving dinners, so generously provided by their friends at home. Those in the hospitals were not forgotten in the dispensation of good things appropriate to the day. Nor were the colored soldiers overlooked.

Summary.

The proprietors of the *National Intelligencer* deny the report that Thurlow Weed is about to purchase that paper. They have no knowledge of any such intention.

The coolie slave trade is still going on. Vessels under the French flag are constantly taking cargoes of coolies from Macao and Canton to Cuba. About one in four dies on the passage.

Accounts on file in the department at Washington show the singular fact that, since the rebellion began, *forty thousand more Southern whites than blacks have received assistance from the government.*

Rev. Henry Ward Beecher having nominated Gen. Butler for our next President, the Fall River *News* proposes the pastor of Plymouth Church himself as Vice-President, on the ground of the natural strength of a combination of the law and the gospel.

The new post-office money-order system works admirably in Boston. The increased business thus devolved upon the office has made it necessary to appoint a clerk to attend specially to that department, and the money-order office is now part and parcel of the establishment.

The voters of Lyons, N. Y., on election day were astonished by the appearance of a young lady at the polls. She came with her father, a very infirm old man, to see that he was not imposed upon by the vote distributors. The vote was of course for the Union candidates, and the enthusiastic public made up a complimentary purse for the patriotic young lady.

It has been truthfully said that the voice of the people was never more unmistakably the voice of God than in the recent election. It was in this faith that a clergyman of Middletown, Conn., at a recent torchlight display, exhibited a transparency over his door, with a quotation from Genesis xxii, 15—"The angel of the Lord called unto Abraham out of Heaven a second time."

Chicago has probably had a more rapid growth up to her present size than any other city now in existence. In 1830, there was no such city—only a military post, consisting of a small wooden fort, with two or three houses in sight. It began to be a village, if we mistake not, in 1832. A new census just taken shows a population of 169,353—an increase of 31,167 since 1862. By the United States census of 1860 it was only 109,260. Increase in four years, 60,093.

A dress parade of bounty-jumpers took place in Indianapolis, Ind., a few days since. Over one hundred of them were lashed two and two to a long rope, with a herculean African leading the column, and ringing the bell. Each jumper carried a large placard on his back, as an advertisement of his profession. A line of friendly bayonets, on each side, kept off the curious crowd, and the soul-stirring notes of the "Rogue's March" kept time to their tramping feet.

SALE OF MONTICELLO.—The Richmond *Dispatch* says: "Monticello, the former residence of Thomas Jefferson, in Albemarle County, Va., was sold at auction on Thursday, under the sequestration act, for eighty thousand five hundred dollars. Benjamin F. Fickiin, purchaser. A negro woman and her seven children (all of the latter being under seven years of age) brought twenty-three thousand dollars. A negro man was sold for upwards of seven thousand dollars."

More than fifteen years ago a negro woman escaped from slavery in Maryland, and located in Hartford, Conn. A few days ago a contraband arrived in Hartford from New Orleans, and, while wandering about the streets, met the woman and recognized her as his wife. She did not recognize him, and it was only after he had repeated circumstances which happened when they lived in Maryland that she was convinced he was her husband. They were again married, and are now keeping up a domestic establishment of their own.

A PRESENT TO PRESIDENT LINCOLN.—Mr. Kinman, of California, accompanied by Clinton Lloyd, Esq., Chief Clerk of the House of Representatives, arrayed in the complete costume of a frontiersman, recently presented to the President a buckhorn chair, manufactured by himself, and which he had brought across the continent especially to present. Mr. Lincoln received Mr. K. with great cordiality, and accepted the gift with appropriate remarks. The donor appeared highly pleased with his interview.

THE LOUISVILLE JOURNAL GIVES UP SLAVERY.—The Louisville *Journal* abandons slavery. In a leading editorial, in reply to a correspondent who urges emancipation as the only hope and salvation of Kentucky, it frankly admits that the "peculiar institution" is virtually dead, and dead by its own hand. It contends that the question is no longer how it shall be saved from utter wreck, but how it shall be finally extinguished, and with the least jar to the social institutions of the South. It admits that it has proved a curse to Kentucky; that "if the Anti-Slavery Constitution, so powerfully advocated by Henry Clay many years, had been adopted, the State would now be more prosperous, wealthy and happy than it is."

ARLINGTON SLAVES RETURNED.—It will be remembered that several slaves on the Arlington estate, who were left free by the will of Mr. Custis, but kept in slavery by Gen. R. E. Lee, ran away, were recaptured, whipped severely by the General, and afterwards taken to Richmond. A gentleman who has lately visited Arlington informs us that these have been released by Gen. Lee's son, and have returned to Arlington, free. The young woman who was so badly treated by Lee, and whose case was the subject of some controversy in the papers about the time of the rebellion, is among them, and is living near her aged and worthy parents.—*Independent.*

THE MARCH OF EVENTS.—Time is pretty certain to bring its compensations at last. A gentleman recently from the valley of the Mississippi says that at St. Louis, in a building formerly occupied as a slave-pen, he saw large numbers of rebel prisoners, over whom colored soldiers were standing guard. They went to war to rivet closer the chains of the black man; to-day the black man is master of the position." Says a New Orleans correspondent: "Campbell's slave-pen is now a rebel prison. 'Get in dar ye'self,' said a colored woman, as she saw the rebel prisoners filling into the old pen. 'Use to put us in dar. Get dar ye'self, now. De Lord's comin' sure.'"

REBEL WOMAN SENTENCED.—Mrs. Sarah Hutchins, wife of Thomas Hutchins, one of the most fashionable and elegant Secession ladies of Baltimore, recently convicted by the Military Commission of attempting to send a sword to the rebel Col. Harry Gilmor, and of illegal correspondence with the rebel States, has been sentenced to five years' labor in the penitentiary and five thousand dollars fine, to be imprisoned after the expiration of five years from the day of her arrest until the fine is paid. The finding and sentence have been duly approved by Gen. Wallace, the commanding-general, who designates the place of her imprisonment as Fitchburg Penitentiary, Massachusetts. Her friends, many of whom occupy high social positions and are possessed of great wealth, are endeavoring to procure a pardon or commutation of sentence; but the loyal people of Baltimore stand by Gen. Wallace and insist that to show leniency to Mrs. Hutchins is to trifle with the dearest interests of the country.

The Rev. C. W. Vining, who has safely returned from a journey in the East, thoughtfully brings us, among other curiosities, some of the newspapers published in Egypt and Turkey. They are in four languages, French, Turkish, Armenian, and Greek. We cannot read them, but he can, and through his patience we have been gratified to learn their contents, and the materials of which newspapers are made up in the land of the Osmaulis. Our American enterprise is well represented: stoves, woollen and tinware, ploughs, axes and tools are advertised from this country. In each of the four languages are heralded the virtues of the remedies made by our celebrated countrymen, Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., of Lowell. They seemed not to depend on their home reputation for confidence abroad, but publish the certificates of the Musselmen rulers themselves, to the cures which those medicines have made in their midst.

Special Notices.

A Stated Mee

Miscellaneous Department.

FOR THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

REDEEMED!

The deep suspense is o'er;
The bloodless battle's past;
Freedom from shore to shore
Decreed at last!

The People's voice at length
Echoes the voice of God;
Shattered and reft of strength
The tyrant's rod!

Columbia redeemed
From Slavery's bitter sway;
The name she once blasphemed
Her Hope and stay!

Furged by baptismal fires,
A purer life is hers;
With holier desires
Her new heart stirs!

Diviner the career
Which now before her opes;
God-chosen pioneer
Of Human Hopes!

Her stars shall henceforth shine
Beacons of Love and Light,
With radiance divine
Dispelling night!

God's blessing evermore
Shall keep her true and free,
Till all the wide-world o'er
Reigns Liberty!

A. GIBBS CAMPBELL.

Paterson, N. J., Nov. 13, 1864.

EDUCATION OF THE FREEDMEN IN LOUISIANA.

In February last, was issued from this Department Headquarters, General Order No. 23, containing the famous "Labor System" of Louisiana. This order may perhaps be styled the initial step of progress for the freedmen. By its provisions the able-bodied black laborer obtained food, clothing, medical attendance, a house to live in, and one hundred dollars a year in the shape of what is called wages. He was also therein promised a free school for his children. The whip was discarded, the peremptory discipline of slavery annulled, and the absolute power of the master reduced to a degree corresponding with that of an employer to his hired workman. On the other hand, the laborer was required to work, negrophilism was disfavored, and vagrancy and idleness forbidden under sure and sufficient penalties.

Education followed swiftly the footsteps of liberty. The next month the promise of free instruction for the colored people of Louisiana began to be fulfilled. General Order 38 was issued, constituting a Board of Education, consisting of three persons, Major B. Rush Plumly, Lieut. E. M. Wheelock, and I. G. Hubbs, whereof Maj. Plumly was Chairman. This Board was empowered to establish common schools, employ teachers, erect school-houses, regulate the course of studies, and "have generally the same authority that Assessors, Supervisors, and Trustees in the Northern States have in the matter of establishing and conducting common schools." The scope and purpose of the order is stated to be, "For the rudimental instruction of the freedmen of this Department, placing within their reach the elements of knowledge, *which give greater intelligence and greater value to labor.*"

THE SCHOOLS.

The members of the Board, from the time of their appointment, began energetically their work, and have given to it their undivided time, strength and thought. The results are commensurate. They have established, and are now sustaining in successful operation, sixty-nine colored schools, giving employment to 109 teachers, and containing an aggregate of 7,722 pupils. Previously to being employed, these teachers were required to attend the normal class, from one to six weeks, according to their respective needs. Of the 15,340 colored children indicated by the recent census of the Provost-Marshal as being within our army lines in loyal Louisiana, more than one half are already gathered into these free schools. It is expected that within the next three months the remaining moiety will also be placed under instruction.

The country schools are prosperous and thronged, and although they have been in being but a few months, they are rapidly demonstrating the capacity of the African to receive our civilization. Children who eight weeks ago were beginning the alphabet are now reading in First Readers, and solving with facility problems in the primary rules of arithmetic.

The more intelligent of the planters are comprehending that whatever contents and dignifies their labor is a reciprocal benefit to themselves; and the instances are continually increasing where the planters not only willingly, but cordially, aid the Board in the location of Schools on their plantations.

The city schools, fourteen in number, are conducted by 34 teachers—have an average attendance of 2,427 pupils, with a total of perhaps 300 more. The ages of the scholars range from five to eighteen, with several grown persons of each sex, servants, teamsters, and seamstresses, who manage to save an hour or two from daily toil and devote it to gaining the elements of knowledge. About one half of these children, prior to last October, did not know their letters.

VISITATION OF THE SCHOOLS.

The different members of the Board have frequently and thoroughly visited these schools, and are conversant with the teachers and their methods of instruction. Certainly, the general cleanliness of the children is to be remarked. Their parents are poor—most of them very poor, owning not even themselves till that ever-memorable day in April, 1862, when the serfdom of Louisiana vanished in the smoke of Farragut's guns—yet the little ones always enter the school-room with their brown faces and hands shiningly clean, with shoes and clothing often wofully patched, yet pains-takingly neat. The pupils display great eagerness for knowledge and facility of acquisition. Their perceptive faculties are particularly good; too much so, perhaps, as in the reflective faculty and memory they seem somewhat deficient. No severity of discipline is used or required; the threat of expulsion from the privileges of instruction being sufficient to tame the most mounting spirit. The weekly reports of the teachers show that the number of instances of absence and tardiness are less than, and the average daily attendance fully equal to, that in the white schools.

OBSTACLES OVERCOME.

No school buildings have been built, but such quarters as could be devised on the spur of the moment have been obtained; such as confiscated houses, the attics of untenanted stores, and in two instances the basements of churches. These latter were grudgingly given, or, rather not given at all, but taken. The pastors had followed the able-bodied of their flocks into the elysium of the Confederacy, and the walls that had been defiled with the pæans of treason and slavery, are consecrated anew by the breath of instruction, and the songs of praise of these "little ones"—slaves no longer.

In organizing these schools, many obstacles were met with and one after another overcome. The prejudices of the people were actively enlisted against the education of "niggers." It was thought impossible to procure teachers, except from the North. Yet the true-hearted women of New Orleans came forward promptly to the work, and quietly bore the load of calumny, sneers, and social proscription that fell to their lot. Louisiana has furnished the work with seventy-five earnest and laborious teachers. All honor to them! The history of their State would be poorly written should it omit their names.

SUCCESS OF THE SCHOOLS.

A better day is now dawning here. Many who were blind now see; and the community are fast perceiving that as the negro, bond or free, must still furnish the labor of the South, it is better to have that labor instructed than brutalized, and to spend in schools in order to save in prisons. In these schools careful attention has been paid to the correct vocalization of the elementary sounds; the pupils have been trained to a clearness and purity of tone creditable to Saxon voices. The advanced classes have finished the primary books of reading and geography and are now reading the Third and Fourth Readers with facility. They have acquired the knowledge of arithmetic as far as long division and fractions, the multiplication table, the use of the outline maps, and can write with commendable neatness. Such are the general features of these schools. Even if they were now closed, the work of self-instruction, with the more advanced classes, could go on, and nothing can eradicate the knowledge they have thus gained.

THEN AND NOW.

Three years ago it was a crime to teach their race. Now they read the Testament and the newspaper. They are learning the geography of the world. They are gaining the knowledge of figures, with which to do the business of labor and life. They are singing the songs of the Union and freedom. They show a healthy mentality, and have made it appear to reasonable minds that they are very much like the rest of mankind, and are thus entitled to a fair chance in the world.

The result of this new chapter of human experience will be a general resurrection of buried mind through the worn and wasted South. Military expeditions do the pioneer work of blasting the rocks and felling the forest. Education follows to sow the grain and raise the golden harvest. The most glorious work is now opening—to lift up the freedmen with instruction, counsel, culture. The day of antagonism is over, and that of befriending begins. Behind the advancing lines of our forces follow the small pacific army of teachers and civilizers; and the school-house takes the place of the whipping-post and scourge.

—*American Missionary.* E. M. W.

THE EVIL NIGHT OF DAHOMEY.

PARTICULARS OF THE "GRAND CUSTOM."

Mr. Burton, the English traveller, so well known by his "Mecca and Medina," and his work on the Mormons, has recently published in England his account of his visit to Dahomey, whither he went under official instructions from the British government. He gives in this volume the fullest account that has yet appeared of the barbarous religious rite known as the "Grand Custom," by which so many lucky victims have been sacrificed. "It is," he says, however, "no mere lust of blood, nor delight in torture and death, that underlies the rite in these lands. The King has to perform a disagreeable task over his ancestral graves, and he does it; his subjects would deem it impious were he to curtail or omit the performance, and suddenly to suppress it would be as if a European monarch were forcibly to abolish prayers for the dead."

The execution always take place after dark on what is called "The Evil Night," and if any person is caught out of his house on that night he is beheaded; so a frightful mystery attends the sacrifice of human life. The victims are first kept in a building thus described:

THE VICTIM PEN.

"In the Uhun-jro market-place, outside the Akochyo Gate, and not attached, as it used to be, to the palace wall, stood a victim-shed, completed and furnished. From afar the shape was not unlike that of an English village church—a barn and a tower. The total length was about one hundred feet, the breadth forty and the greatest height sixty. It was made of roughly-squared posts, nine feet high and planted deep in the earth. The ground floor of the southern front had sixteen poles, upon which rested the joists and planks supporting the pent-shaped roof of the barn. There was a Western double-storied turret, each front having four posts. The whole roof was covered with a tattered cloth, blood-red, bisected by a single broad stripe of blue check. In the turret and the barn were twenty victims. All were seated on cage stools, and were bound to the posts which passed between their legs; the ankles, the shins under the knees, and the wrists being lashed outside with connected ties. Necklaces of rope, passing behind the back, and fastened to the upper arms, were also made tight to the posts. The confinement was not cruel; each victim had an attendant squatting behind him, to keep off the flies; all were fed four times a day, and were loosed at night for sleep. As will be shown, it is the King's object to keep them in the best of humors. The dress of these victims was that of State criminals. They wore long white night-caps, with spirals of blue ribbon sewn on, and calico shirts of *quasi*-European cut, decorated round the neck and down the sleeves with red bindings, and with a crimson patch on the left breast. The remaining garment was a loin-cloth, almost hidden by the "camise." It was an ominous sight; but at times the King exposes without slaying his victims. A European under the circumstances would have attempted escape, and in all probability would have succeeded; these men will allow themselves to be led to slaughter like lambs. It is, I imagine, the uncertainty of their fate that produces this extraordinary *nonchalance*. They marked time to music, and they chattered together, especially remarking us. Possibly they were speculating upon the chances of a pardon."

Through the influence of Mr. Burton the horrors of the "Evil Night" were somewhat diminished; yet he thus describes the scenes he witnessed after one of these grand customs:

"The approach to the palace was not pleasant. The north-eastern or market-shed was empty; out of its tenants nine had perished. Four corpses, attired in their criminals' shirts and nightcaps, were sitting in pairs upon Gold Coast stools, supported by a double-storied scaffold, about forty feet high, of rough beams, two perpendiculars, and as many connecting horizontals. At a little distance, on a similar erection, but made for half the number, were two victims, one above the other. Between these substantial affairs was a gallows of thin posts, some thirty feet tall, with a single victim hanging by his heels, head downwards. Lastly, planted close to the path was a *patibulum* for two, dangling side by side. Fine cords, passed in several coils round the ankles and above the knees, attached them to the cross-bar of the gallows, and the limpness of their limbs showed that the 'dear breath' had lately been beaten out of them. There were no signs of violence upon the bodies, which were wholly nude; they had been mutilated after death, in respect to the royal wives, and very little blood appeared upon the ground below. We then passed to the south-eastern gate of the Komasi House, where the palace shed was also untenanted. In front of sundry little black dolls, stuck in the ground at both sides of the entrance, lay a dozen heads. They were in two batches of six each, disposed in double lines of three; their faces were downwards, and the cleanly-severed necks caught the observer's eye. Around each heap was a rim of white ashes. These victims had probably been slaughtered directly in front of the gate, as there were traces of blood there; the bodies had been removed, so as not to offend the king. Within the palace entrance were two more, making a total of fourteen. Thus, during the king's 'Evil Night' twenty-three human beings had lost their lives."

HABITS OF THE POOR WHITES.

[A correspondent of the Boston *Journal* writes as follows from Marietta, Georgia:]

I have more than once incidentally alluded to the prevalence of dipping and snuffing as practiced by the women down here. In travelling by railroad everyone has chances enough to see women smoking. They do it openly, sitting, very often, with their chairs tipped back at the doors of their houses. The pipes that these daughters of the South delight to patronize are frequently, I think generally, made out of corn-cob whittled down; for stems they use cane and goose-quills. The custom is not merely common, it is universal among the lower classes.

I walked on foot from Decatur, Alabama, to Athens, twelve or fifteen miles, and during this trip first saw for myself the apparatus and practice of dipping. As this is an indoor pastime, the traveller has less chance to see it than its twin-sister, smoking. It was at McDonald's station I went into a house, a large log cabin, and asked if they would get me dinner. There were two girls and a few children in the house. One of the girls seemed about eighteen years of age; the other about fifteen. But I found that they were each three years younger than my estimate.

They called the woman of the house, the sister of the elder girl. She came in, said I might dine there if I would wait, and lay down on a bed in that one of the two rooms that served for kitchen and dining apartment. I will not stop to describe either room. It is enough to say that it and everything in it was cheerless and rude and dirty; that it had no cellar or closets, and only a thin floor; and that through both sides and floor the wind might enter, and the rain might enter, even although the King of England could not enter.

After my dinner—bacon, corn-bread and buttermilk—was eaten, the girl who cooked it, quite a pretty young creature, before going out for some water, went to her sister's bed and tried to slide a tin box I saw under the pillow beneath her apron. I playfully protested, and asked her if she dipped snuff. The sweet sisters seemed to take it as a matter of course, and were not at all hurt by the insinuation. They both defended the practice—said it saved the teeth; that all the women in their country either dipped, or smoked, or chewed, and sometimes all three!

"But do the rich folks do so?" I asked.

"Hooh!" said the younger girl, "I guess they do—and get drunk at home, too!"

Notwithstanding that broadside, I still protested against young girls indulging in dipping.

"Did you notice that girl that was in a little while since?" asked the recumbent matron. "She can dip as well as any of them."

Now the girl referred to was not thirteen years of age—a sickly, yellow-skinned child, in the last stages of consumption, a disease of which her father lay dying.

Inquiries since that time have shown that the woman spoke the truth—that the practices of dipping, chewing and smoking are almost universal here among the women.

A gentleman, who had been a music-teacher in the "best society," said that dipping is almost universal among the wealthier classes, and that, although the young ladies practiced it slyly when in company not tolerant or familiar with the custom, as soon as they became tolerably well acquainted with him they openly put their boxes on the piano and used it as they practiced their lessons!

A Northern lady, now living in Alabama, said that many of her female visitors kept themselves in a constant state of semi-intoxication with snuff whenever they called on her, and that if I would move the sofas and lounges at houses where ladies visited I would see evidences enough of the practice on the floors and wall behind them.

The poor whites whom I have met in this State admit, without the least hesitation, that all their women dip and smoke and chew.

Perhaps some of your readers do not know how dipping is done. A little rag is tied on the end of a stick about the size of a penholder. The rag is moistened in the mouth of the fair, dipped in the snuff, and then the teeth or gums are rubbed with it!

We have a great many things to learn yet before we "clock-peddlers," and "mud-sills," and "greasy mechanics," and our wives and daughters can attain to the same stage of refinement and good breeding that has been reached by the Southern chivalry and their most courteous dames!

SLAVERY A REWARD.

We hold it to be an act of cruelty to deprive the slave of the care and guardianship of a master. If the slave must fight he should fight for the blessings he enjoys as a slave, and not for the miseries that would attend him if freed.—*Richmond Whig.*

The President refuses to employ slaves under arms, but adopts the fatal principle of emancipation as a reward for service in our army as pioneers. This is an absurdity; for we hold that the negro as a slave is in a better condition than in a state of freedom. Emancipation, therefore, is a punishment, not a reward.—*Richmond Examiner.*

Hear it, oh, dark-browed brothers, hear,
Long toiling at the rebel guns,
Rejoice in trench and fort, and cheer
On pirate decks 'neath tropic suns.

Hear it, beneath the cane-brake high—
Listen, amidst the cotton bloom;
Stay, flying victims! cease to fly,
Nor hide in shades of cypress gloom.

Here's glorious, rich reward for you;
Haste, arm ye for the rebel fight,
And shield the dastard traitor crew,
Your black forms failing for the white.

So shall ye never henceforth fear
The threatened curse of Liberty,
But generous masters, kind and dear,
Rebind your chains of slavery.

Be yours henceforth the whip and rack,'
The auction-block, the burning brand—
Be yours the bending, deep-scarred back,
And kiss your noble master's hand.

Be yours the daughters sold to shame,
And yours the sons of unknown fate,
All blessings which the slave may claim,
Nor curses of a freedman's fate.

Hear it, oh, Northern homes, whose sons
Lie mouldering in their nameless graves;
Hear it, brave men, whose booming guns
Point Southward to the land of slaves!

Echo it up the Shenandoah,
And down to Richmond's rebel lines—
Hear, naval hosts, by sea and shore,
Where blaze of burning vessel shines.

Is it for this our heroes die?
For this still bleeds our martyred band?
Vainly our flags in triumph fly
While yet a bondman walks the land.

Hail, victory, hail! by bullet won,
And victory gained by ballot free;
God help us, till our work is done,
And Freedom reigns from sea so sea!

Brookline, Mass. H. W.

—*Boston Transcript.*

JOHN BROWN'S FAMILY SAFE.

From the Liberator.

We are permitted to print the following extract from a letter received from Annie Brown by her relatives at Put-in-Bay, Ohio. Our readers will be glad at this assurance that the family of John Brown escaped the dangers of the "Plains," and is safe in California:

Red Bluff, Tehama Co., Cal., Oct. 9, 1864.

My Very Dear Sister: We arrived here alive, safe and well, nearly a week ago. We came to the Sacramento river a week ago Saturday. Mother and Ellen will probably live in town. Sarah and I are going to teach school out in the country. We shall begin in about a fortnight.

Salmon, Abbie, Cora and Minnie, Mr. Smith and George have gone out into the country. The boys have taken a job of chopping out there. We are living in a small, white house in town for the present. I do not know how I shall like California yet—will tell you after the rainy season begins. The weather is now as warm as you ever saw it in July or August at home, and the sky cloudless.

We have found a great many very warm friends here; among them are Rev. J. McLaughlin and wife. They keep the Academy here; they are both excellent people—she is one of the most *beautiful* ladies I ever saw. The motto of California is grizzly bears and fat babies. She has the fattest baby I ever saw. Dauphy was no comparison. Little chub! How I wish I could see the children!

Yesterday Sarah and I were down to Mr. McL.'s, at a school teachers' examination (we were not examined—will be soon), and some ladies were playing on the piano and singing. It made me think of you so much, I had to go out of the parlor where they were and *cry*. Wa'n't I silly? I could not help it. It is six months since I have heard from a friend in the States. Do write as soon as you get this, for you cannot imagine how I want to hear from you.

I wrote you last while at Soda Springs. I did not tell you the danger we were in, for I thought you would worry for nothing. There was a train of Tennessee rebels of the worst kind got us into their company, and were going to kill Salmon, and doubtless the rest of us. This was the day we came through the "Great South Pass." We went with them on "Tublott's Cut-off." Another train, one of Union people, followed, and got us out, and went with us on to Soda Springs, where there is a company of soldiers stationed. The rebels followed us there. The men of our train reported them, and they had to take the oath. Abbie, Sarah and I went to Capt. Black, and he sent a company of six soldiers, with Lieut. Shoemaker, two hundred miles with us. The rebels went to Oregon. Missouri has transplanted herself into Oregon this season—the Plains were covered with Missourians.

You will ask how I liked crossing the Plains. It will do for one six months of one's life, but I should hate to waste another by doing it over again. We had a remarkably good time, and enjoyed it much; did not suffer deprivations or otherwise, as I supposed we should; still, I do not think I could advise anyone to undertake the journey.

Red Bluff is a small business town, on the right bank of the Sacramento river, at the head of navigation.

Salmon lost all his sheep except the two poorest, one ewe and the oldest ram, by poison. Little Dick and the two best ewes, we have quite good reason to believe, were poisoned by a rebel. The other ewe got some poison weed (mountain laurel) in the Sierra Nevada mountains, and died after we got here. I don't know what S. will do. He talks of buying a small place on time, and raising a few sheep, grapes, fruit, etc.

I saw balsam trees on the mountains five feet through, and pines from ten to fifteen feet.

THE CAPACITY OF AFRICAN CHILDREN.

A letter to the editor of the *Advocate and Guardian*, N. Y., from Natal, South Africa, contains the following testimony to the intellectual capacity of the native children:

"Now for some history of our schools here. The children vary in number at the different stations; in one of the schools, there is a mixture of Kaffirs, Zulus, Hottentots and Bushmen, with an occasional child in whose veins runs some Dutch or English blood. The school hours are much the same as with you, the children going home at noon to eat their corn porridge or mush. Of course, food is very abundant for them here. When they come into the stations the parents clothe them as well as their means will allow, and in general, we manage to have them quite neatly dressed, by giving them a dress or shirt in exchange for chickens, corn, potatoes, pumpkins, etc., of which they raise an abundance.

"At nine the children come in as the bell calls them; each makes a bow and says, 'Saka bona,' and takes his seat. They then sing, for they know many songs in both Zulu and English; then they repeat the Lord's prayer, and their lessons begin.

"I wish the good people in America, who think Africans below white people in talent and quickness, would just take a Zulu school. Of course there *are* stupid ones, but in the experience I have had, as a whole, they are much quicker in learning than most white children. Those who have been regularly in school can all read Zulu, down to children five years old; and most of those over ten can read English also. All can write, better or worse, some of them very well. They can repeat the whole multiplication table, and do a sum in fractions or reduction as fast as their pencils can fly. They are taught marching, clapping hands, etc., and the discipline, as far as possible, is the same as in our public schools at home; they also study geography and Bible lessons. There are many of them who will repeat a hymn or psalm without a mistake, after hearing it once read; and they will even learn in that way a song in English, although they do not understand the words. The other day I saw a girl about ten years old take the book and learn the first seven Psalms in less than half an hour, repeating the whole without any prompting, as fast as she could speak. You can see, then, that the difficulty in our industrial schools does not consist in the children being 'poor stupid things,' as many suppose."

BRYANT ON HIS BIRTH-DAY.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

We praise not now the poet's art,
The rounded beauty of his song;
Who weighs him from his life apart
Must do his nobler nature wrong.

Not for the eye, familiar grown
With charms to common sight denied—
The marvellous gift he shares alone
With him who walked on Rydal-side;

Not for rapt hymn nor woodland lay,
Too grave for smiles, too sweet for tears;
We speak his praise who wears to-day
The glory of his seventy years.

When Peace brings Freedom in her train,
Let happy lips his songs rehearse;
His life is now his noblest strain,
His manhood better than his verse!

Thank God! his hand on Nature's keys
Its cunning keeps at life's full span;
But, dimmed and dwarfed, in times like these,
The poet seems beside the man!

So be it! let the garlands die,
The singer's wreath, the painter's meed,
Let our names perish, if thereby
Our country may be saved and freed!

—*Independent.*

A SOUTHERN ARISTOCRAT.

From the Evening Post.

Recently in Paris, at one of the clubs, Mr. John Slidell, on being asked to explain why it was that such extreme hatred and bitterness of feeling were manifested on all occasions by the Southerners towards the Northeners, while the latter never exhibited any such sentiments, replied, in his usual bombastic manner, that the explanation was very simple indeed: "The Southerners were the aristocracy of America, while the Northerners were nothing but a herd of vulgar, pedling traders." Now it is in the memory of some of our citizens that this John Slidell, this exponent and exemplar of the Southern aristocrats, left this city under coercion for a disgraceful and dishonorable act, with an injunction from the late Stephen Price, after the duel, that his life would be spared, provided only he should never come back while he (Price) remained here. His career at New Orleans, political and social, does not seem to have been such as to have created a very general impression that he was either a very highminded or a very honest man.

In Trinity churchyard, in this city, may be seen a tombstone to the memory of "Joshua Slidell, a native of England, tallow chandler," grandfather of John Slidell, aristocrat. In old days the late W. T. Robinson, of the firm of Franklin, Robinson & Co., had apprenticed to him two poor emigrant Scotch girls—Debby and Margery McKenzie—both of whom were married out of his kitchen—Debby to John Slidell, journeyman soapboiler, father of John Slidell, aristocrat, and Margery to Thomas Boleon, journeyman shoemaker; and their employer, as an acknowledgment of their good conduct, cancelled their articles on the occasion.

From the Boston Transcript.

In the last volume of the "Old Merchants of New York City," we find the following notice of the rebel "ambassador," Slidell:

His father, John Slidell, had a soap-factory in 1794, at No. 50 Broadway. He lived at No. 60 Broadway, where his son John, the future ex-Senator, Rebel Minister, etc., was born. In the same neighborhood lived John Wilkes, who was a public notary in 1792; he had several sons, the youngest of whom, Charles, is the celebrated Wilkes, the hero of the capture of Mason and Slidell. The son of one neighbor became the captor of the son of another. These boys—*old* boys they are now, both being upwards of sixty-five—have played together in their early days, neither dreaming of their future destiny, or how they would afterwards meet. When John Slidell went on board the "San Jacinto," and met Commodore Wilkes, what curious sensations they must both have felt. The old "First Ward" times, when as boys they went to school together, played togeth r, and snow-balled each other. Slidell served his time with his father, and followed the same business with his brother Thomas, until 1817, and after this went into mercantile business in South street with James McCrea, and was unfortunate in 1820. It was about this time he had a duel with Stephen Price, manager of the Park Theatre. They fought in the morning, and Slidell shot his antagonist, giving him a bad wound. It was the failure of his firm, and the scandal of this duel, that determined him to go to a new State, where there was an opening. He pitched upon New Orleans.

Alexander Slidell, of the navy, who made a great noise, a few years ago, by hanging two men on board his vessel, the Somers, was a brother. One of the men happened to be the son of John C. Spencer, then Secretary of War. Previous to this his name had been changed to Mackenzie. He died some years ago.

John Slidell was brought up to his father's trade of tallow-chandler, and succeeded him in it. This anecdote is told of him: He travelled extensively in Europe. After his return he met a Miss Fairlee, one of his early acquaintances, and who was reported "as very pretty and very witty." He told her of many places he had visited. "Did you go to Greece?" she asked. "No, why do you ask?" replied Slidell. "Oh, nothing, only it would have been so very natural that you should have visited *Greece* to renew *early* associations." He had no more to say.

The regret is that Slidell should have so degenerated from the honest parents referred to. How they would have blushed if they had dreamed their grandson would run such a career as that of the present representative of the Confederacy in France. If some loyal American, after Mr. Slidell's definition of aristocracy, could have administered the proper dose of soap and tallow, the effect would have been like that produced on that "pink of chivalry," Sir Piercie Shafton, when his eye fell upon the tailor's bodkin of his family.

OUTRAGES ON THE NEGRO.

New York Correspondence of the Springfield Republican.

Will grumbling aught avail? will a grievous wrong be in any way lessened by my giving expression to pent-up feelings? Of course not. It is romantic and inspiring to refer to the benign influence of each individual drop of rain, but I do say, "and I say it boldly," that when a drop of rain undertakes to act on its own responsibility and independently of its corporate body, it accomplishes no good and merely covers itself with contempt. Yet silence never was known to help along the right, and so, even at the risk of being pooh-poohed by let-things-take-their-own-courses, I shall pour my complaint into the sympathetic ear of the *Republican*. There lies before me a letter written in October on one of the plantations in the vicinity of Port Royal, by a young lady who, with her mother and sister, is dedicating her life to the cause of freedom by teaching the contrabands, giving up home comforts, civilization and society for the sake of an idea. Ordered North the past Summer by Gen. Saxton, who would not permit unacclimated women to remain during the hot season, this young lady was most hearty in her praise of the sable scholars who flocked to her school, some walking miles daily to receive instruction, most of them working constantly in the field out of school hours. She testified to their good nature, perseverance and gratitude, and stated that in mental calibre they compared very favorably with the same class of whites with whom she has had much experience. Returning to her voluntary exile Miss M—— writes as follows:

"So great is my anger and excitement that I find it almost impossible to think, much less write, intelligibly; yet, knowing you are interested in our cause, it will comfort me somewhat to share my indignation with you. We arrived last Monday to find the negroes of the plantation in an intense state of excitement. Standing in groups, they were talking vehemently or crying as though their hearts would break. Inquiring into the cause of this unusual demonstration, we were told that the government had been sending out detachments of men to enlist the colored people on the plantation, also to catch deserters, of whom there are a number on the different islands, and that both these proceedings were being carried out in a most brutal and unjustifiable manner. Encountering three of our boys, one of whom was only fourteen years old and very slight, though tall for his age, these recruiters forced them to leave their carts (I think they were in the field) and march to Beaufort, whence they were dispatched to Hilton Head. The first intelligence received by the parents was that their sons were at Morris Island. Another negro named Philip had got but half a mile from the plantation, on his way to enlist at Beaufort, when he was discovered by a party of soldiers who ordered him to halt. Telling them where he was going he continued on his course, when these mercenary wretches, wishing to appropriate the premium offered to those who bring in a volunteer, again commanded him to halt. Refusing, they shot him dead and left the body, which would have been eaten by the buzzards if some one had not heard the report of the gun. Philip was a fine young man, the only son of a widowed mother. Is not this a burning shame? There is still another case of a man with a wife and family who had never served in the army and who was fired at while in the act of getting into a boat for the purpose of fishing. The excuse given for this outrage was that he was supposed to be a deserter. The shot took effect, the unhappy victim falling into the water, where he was allowed to remain. He is now dangerously ill, not only from his wound—the shot passing through the lungs—but also from a very bad cold contracted in the water, where he lay for some time. Now, are our people to be sacrificed in this senseless, brutal manner? How can we have the courage to teach these simple unoffending creatures loyalty to a government that allows fathers, brothers and sons to be shot down like pigs and left to the mercy of birds of prey? If such things were done at the North, would not the entire population rise to punish the perpetrators? I long to have those soldiers brought to justice, and at least dishonorably dismissed from the service. What patriotism can be great enough to cause our people to forget such treatment? they, too, who well nigh adore 'Massa Lincum!' Unfortunately, Mr. Tomlinson, the general superintendent, is absent at the North, or he would, I am sure, espouse the right side, and use his influence to rectify an unnecessary and abominable evil. I hope for the best, but my heart is heavy, and words of cheer to this persecuted race come slowly and feebly from my lips. But I hope."

Can more be said? Should not the North be told of such misdeeds, and an earnest protest go forth from every loyal man and woman. In the name of Port Hudson and Fort Wagner, if not for humanity's sake, should not the negro be allowed rights which white men must respect?

THE LIBERAL CHRISTIANS OF ENGLAND AND THE REBELLION.

Correspondence of the Commonwealth.

London, Oct. 22, 1864.

One of the most surprising and painful things in England is the stubborn ignorance and apathy concerning the American war exhibited by the Liberal Christians—the corresponding class in America having been so long faithful and true on the slavery question. One is frequently shocked to find on one page of some Liberal periodical warm words about Channing and Parker, and on the other a sneer at the war that is fulfilling the life-long toils of those men. One of the most radical and eloquent young preachers is John Page Hopps, who actually lectures for secession-sympathizers about the country. Barnett, of South Place, formerly, actually preached a pro-slavery sermon. In the *Unitarian Inquirer* of the 8th inst. a paragraph is copied from the Boston *Transcript*, mentioning the noble and loyal declarations from the Boston pulpits, to which the following note is appended: "'Blessed are the peacemakers.'—*Obsolete maxim.*" Much of this has grown out of the singular indifference to the slavery question which James Martineau has always indicated, which has now borne the fruit of Southernism in himself and many eminent ministers around him. The Carpenters, and other old Liberal families, are all twisted on this subject, I fear. The cause is partly, too, that the struggle for existence among the Unitarians here has been so great that they have been unable to devote much attention to subjects not directly relating to their theological opinions; and are, consequently, quite ignorant except *ad hoc*. The "Broad Church" is far more alive to such subjects, and its leading men see something else than "peace-making" in the establishment of a vast slaveholding empire over half the United States, and the vast and hitherto unknown standing armies that such an event would imply and necessitate. That the Unitarians are sentimentally anti-slavery, I do not doubt; but they are hopelessly heavy-eyed, and many a publican is recognizing the signs of the advancing kingdom of justice in America before them. Nevertheless, one has to admit that it requires a great deal of faith to believe that any clean victory for humanity can be gained by a people so full of inhuman prejudices. The other day a distinguished friend of America—an M.P.—said to me, in amazement: "I heard, yesterday, this astounding statement—that there was not a single hotel, even in Boston, where a colored person, however respectable, can be entertained." "I fear you have heard the truth." "A handwriting on the wall signifies very little to such a people." What could I answer?

M. D. C.

OUT OF EGYPT.

BY HORATIO ALGER, JR.

To Egypt's king, who ruled beside
The reedy river's flow,
Came God's command, "Release, O king,
And let my people go."

The king's proud heart grew hard apace;
He marked the suppliant throng,
And said: "Nay, they must here abide;
The weak must serve the strong."

Straightway the Lord stretched forth his hand
And every stream ran blood—
The river swept toward the sea,
A full ensanguined flood.

The haughty king beheld the land
By plagues afflicted sore,
But, as God's wonders multiplied,
Hardened his heart the more,

Until the angel of the Lord
Came on the wings of Night,
And smote the first-born of man and beast
In his destructive flight.

Throughout all Egypt not a house
Was spared this crowning woe,
Then broke the tyrant's stubborn will;
He bade the people go.

They gathered up their flocks and herds,
Rejoicing to be free,
And going forth, a mighty host,
Encamped beside the sea.

Then Pharaoh's heart repented him;
He called a mighty force,
And swiftly followed on their track
With chariot and with horse.

Then Israel's host were sore afraid;
But God was on their side,
And lo for them a way is cleft—
The Red Sea waves divide.

At God's command the restless waves
Obey the prophet's rod,
And through the middle of the sea
The people marched dry-shod.

But when the spoilers, following close,
Would hinder Israel's flight,
The waters to their course return,
The parted waves unite.

And Pharaoh's host is swept away,
The chariots and the horse,
And not a man is left alive
Of all that mighty force.

So in these days God looks from heaven,
And marks his servant's woe;
Hear ye his voice—"Break every yoke,
And let my people go."

For them the Red Sea waves divide,
The streams with crimson flow,
Therefore we mourn for our first-born;
Then let the people go!

They are not weak whom God befriends;
He makes their cause his own.
And they who fight against God's might
Shall surely be o'erthrown.

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

It will be accounted one of these days, a remarkable example of the bitterness of party spirit that George William Curtis, nominated for Congress, was not elected. Not only the people of his district, but the whole State, have reason to be grieved at the result. The Rochester *Democrat* justly says:

"The defeat of George William Curtis was one of the few incidents of the recent election that we would wish to see reversed. It was a calamity not only to the district in which he was a candidate, but to the whole country. His high personal character, his eloquence, his courtesy, his good sense and sound principles, would have been an accession to Congress of really a national value. The most cultivated district in the land might well be proud of such a representative, and the first district of New York will yet see the day when its rejection of Mr. Curtis will be remembered only with shame and mortification. After a most animated canvass, he was beaten, we believe, by about thirteen hundred majority.

"The citizens of Rochester had last night an opportunity of hearing Mr. Curtis as a lecturer on political topics; and the applause with which his lecture was greeted by a crowded audience shows how highly his eloquence and the noble views it expressed were appreciated. The favor with which he is always received by cultivated audiences is a just tribute not only to his rapidly rising reputation as one of the soundest and most effective of our political orators, but to the unquestioned purity of his life and character, and also to his distinguished literary merit. Long before he entered the political arena, Mr. Curtis had attained a rank in American literature second to that of no one as a subtle and refined satirist of the follies of society, and as a brilliant painter of the picturesque and dreamy life of the East. Highly as we esteem his political services—not only on the stump, but in the pages of *Harper's Weekly*—we should be sorry to have his brilliant genius entirely absorbed by politics, and would gladly welcome back the Howadji and Kurtz Pasha to the walks of literature. Meantime, it may not be inopportune to suggest that as few men have rendered higher services to the Republican party than George W. Curtis, so there are few men whom the Administration could reward for those services more fittingly and more to the advantage of the country than to send him as a representative to the first European court at which there may be a vacant mission. We should have been proud to have him represent New York in the national councils—we should be still prouder to have him represent the nation abroad. We know of no man better qualified in all respects to do the country credit in the eyes of foreigners."

A REMINISCENCE OF WHITTIER.

In the Spring of 185- I was a student, out of health and out of funds. To be sure there was nothing remarkable in that, for students are apt to be in that way. But it led me to ramble toward the sea, and that took me through Amesbury, the home of Whittier. I carried the universal black bag, filled with "pins, needles, thimbles, sewing-silk," etc., which served me instead of a purse; to all intents and purposes, then, I was a *de facto* pedler; a class of individuals not generally mentioned the same day with the minister, nor thought much of in comparison with quarterly meetings.

When I came into Amesbury I was tired and hungry, with a long day's walk without a dinner. I had little money in my pockets; so I depended on the bag. It was near dark, and Saturday night. So I began the inquiry of an abiding place for the Sabbath; but what right had I, a pedler, to expect any family to put themselves out to accommodate me? "There was a good hotel in the place." But with me a hotel was out of the question. And so I trudged on, and got substantially the same reply from all. At length I turned into Friend street; I had entirely forgotten that the "Quaker poet" lived in the town. And going on indiscriminately in my applications, I approached a neat cottage, embowered in shrubbery, and the yard adorned with flowers, and through an open window I observed a table piled up with books and newspapers. "Probably a lawyer, or a minister," said I; "little luck for me here." I rang the bell, and a tall, spare man, with prominent features and a mild countenance, opened the door. From the portraits I had seen, I recognized him in a moment. I had stumbled upon the poet.

"Good evening, young man," said he.

I responded. But I was abashed; and, observing a hesitation in my manner, he invited me in. The benevolence in his voice gave me assurance.

"I am a pedler, sir," said I, "in pursuit of a place to spend the Sabbath."

"I would keep you with great pleasure," said he, "had I a place for you to sleep, but unfortunately there is a quarterly meeting of Friends here, and I have my beds all full. But there is a good man lives in that house (pointing) who will—but you look tired," said he; "are you well?"

I confessed I was not.

"I think Mr. Barnard will do well by you," said he; "if he cannot, come back to me. I am sorry to send you any further. It is a thing I never do when I can avoid it."

I went to Mr. Barnard's, presented my request, and was at once received. But I had scarcely disposed of my bag and hat when Whittier came in.

"You looked so pale, young man," said he, "that I felt I had not done right, and came on after you, lest you should be compelled to walk further. I happened to think I could sleep on the sofa myself."

He then sat down, and talked with me for an hour, while the good wife was preparing supper, as if I had been an equal. I was, in fact; for he compelled me to be. He would not even receive my thanks for his kindness.

The next morning he invited me with him to their meeting, at the plain, wooden meeting-house on the edge of the wood near the village. He showed me all the conveniences